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ONE SHILLING MONTHLY

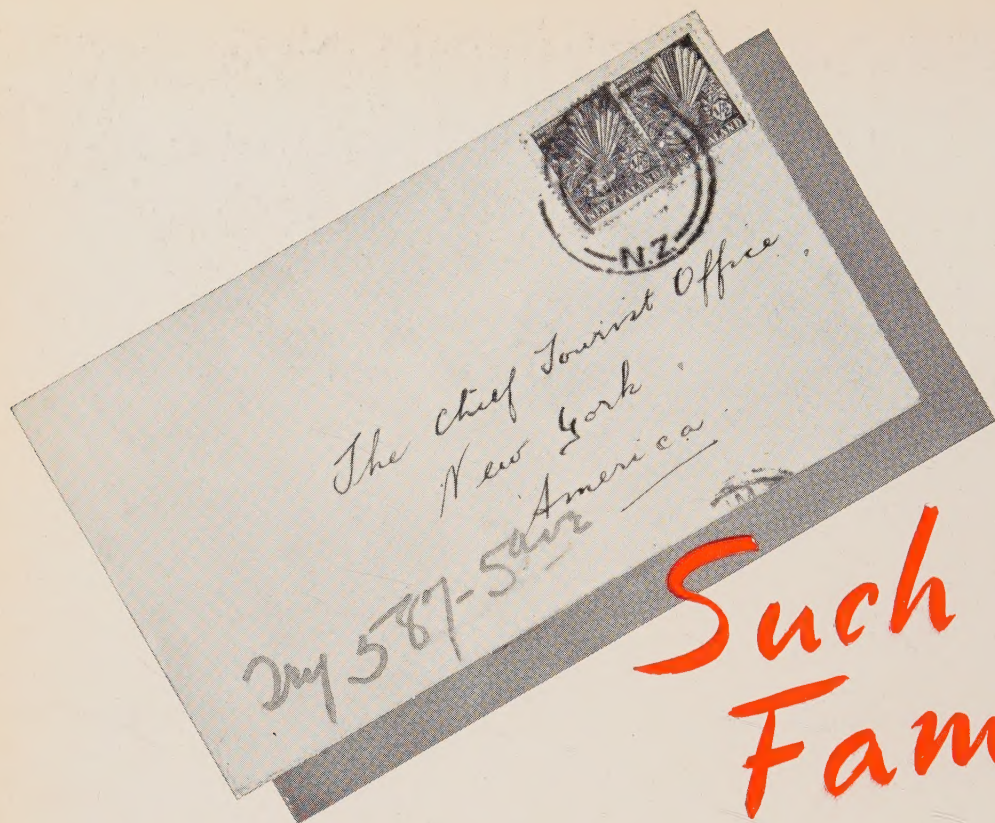
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PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTES

Edited by F. S. Smythe

31. 'PHOTO-FEATURES' IN THE FAMILY ALBUM

Those readers of newspapers and magazines who are interested in photography have probably noticed that within the last twelve



"It's really quite easy"

months there has been a considerable increase in the amount of space given to what are known technically as 'photo-features'.

Amateur



"More in it than I thought, though"

photographers have no doubt wondered how these features are produced and how it is possible for one man with a camera to take so many pictures and at the same time gather information about everything he photographs. The photo-feature or 'rapportage' consists of a series of photographs dealing with a single subject. These photographs are published either on the back page (or sometimes the 'Woman's Page') of a newspaper, or on a number of consecutive pages in a magazine. Below each picture there is a 'meaty' caption which runs on to the caption of the next picture so that all the captions together really form an article on the same subject as the pictures.

The popularity of these features has established what is undoubtedly a new and interesting development in photography—a development in which the amateur who wishes to get full value in amusement from his camera should try to understand and to master.

The production of a photo-feature must in essence be the work of two men—a camera-

man and a director (usually, where the press is concerned, a journalist) who also writes the story. For the amateur, the object of rapportage production should be the making up of photo-features in the pages of the much-abused family album. The production of this type of work adds considerable interest to amateur photography and opens up a new field in which quite a number of people can get amusement out of one camera.

A director and a cameraman must 'cover' the story. Each picture should be worked out as if it were a sequence in a documentary film. Rapportage production is, in fact, analogous to documentary film production.

It is just as essential that two people should work with a still camera as that a director and cameraman should work with a movie camera.

Amusing photo-strips which you can 'run' across two pages of your album can be acted by other members of the family, directed by whoever imagines himself a Korda, and photographed by the rightful owner of the camera. (He can

imagine himself a Perinal if he likes.)

And when the pictures are ready and the captions are written, a pleasant evening can be spent by all in 'making - up' the pages of the album as if preparing a magazine or picture paper for the press. Stick snapshots in your album with paste, 'art corners,' or 'double-sided gummed tape.' Tape is the best.



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Poland in Danzig

by Professor BERNARD MASSEY

Herr Hitler's announced intention to annex Danzig has dramatized and made dangerous a problem of which, while it has long been familiar to students of foreign affairs, most Englishmen have only lately become conscious. Mr Massey, who is Professor of English at the University of Poznań, demonstrates one of the most important aspects of this problem: Danzig's ancient and close connection with Poland. (Readers are recommended to consult also the series of historical maps published in our September issue)

'DANZIG is a German city.' That is a statement which, in the linguistic sense, no informed person—least of all the responsible heads of the Polish Government—would wish to deny. But it is equally undeniable that Poland has for many centuries exerted a strong influence in Danzig, and that Danzig's periods of greatest prosperity have been those when the city was most closely connected with its Polish hinterland. The purpose of the present article is to show, with the help of pictures, what the nature of that influence has been and what forces have tended to establish, or to disturb, that connection.

The outstanding fact about the geographical situation of Poland is that, though occupying an area nearly twice as large as Great Britain, with a population of 35,000,000, it has hardly any coastline, being cut off from the Baltic by the outlying German province of East Prussia. How did this come about?

Through the fateful action of a Polish duke reigning in the Warsaw region in the early 13th century, who called in the Teutonic Knights—a German military and religious order, originally enrolled at the end of the 12th century as the Teutonic Knights of St Mary of Jerusalem, for service in the Holy Land, but after the capture of Jerusalem unemployed—to convert the pagan and warlike Ancient Prussians who troubled his borders. These Knights carried out their task of 'preaching the Gospel with the sword' very thoroughly, and brought in settlers, from Poland as well as from Germany, to cultivate the land which they had made available. Thus came into existence the *Ordensstaat*, or

monastic state, one of very few such that the world has known.

After building its great castle at Marienburg, now restored and held in high value by the Nazis as a symbol, and making it the residence of the grand master, the Order turned its attention to the flourishing port of Danzig, some ten miles away, which in 1308 'passed into its possession', as Baedeker says, omitting (not unnaturally) mention of the massacre of unsuspecting townsfolk by which the event was brought about—though Pope Clement V, in a special bull denouncing it, declared that ten thousand persons had been slain, including infants in arms. It should be added that the Knights had been called in by the Danzigers to aid them against the Duke of Brandenburg.

Thus Danzig, called by the Poles



Stanford, London.



Photopress

The towers and spires of Danzig have looked down for many centuries on waterways busy with the commerce of Poland, the source of the city's prosperity

Gdańsk, the capital of a Polish-Pomeranian duchy, passed for the first time into German hands, where it remained until 1466—158 years. During this period it became a member of the Hanseatic League, and several times endeavoured to throw off the yoke of the Teutonic Knights. These endeavours culminated in the formation of a Union of Prussian Towns, supported by Poland. After many years of warfare, in which Danzig took a leading part, and of which it bore a quarter of the expenses, the Union and its Polish allies forced the Teutonic Order to surrender Polish Pomerania (now famous as the 'corridor') and to recognize Polish suzerainty over East Prussia. It was not till the second partition of Poland in 1793, 327 years later, that Danzig was 'restored to German supremacy', as Baedeker tells us, after Frederick the Great had uttered his famous sentence, to the effect that 'he who possesses the mouth of the Vistula and Danzig will be a greater power in Poland than the king who reigns at Warsaw'. The Poles have not forgotten this warning.

The claim that Danzig is, in the historic

sense, a German city therefore rests on the events of two periods only: the 158 years when it was ruled by the Teutonic Order, and rose repeatedly in bloody revolt, and the 118 years (1793–1918, less seven years of French possession, 1807–14) when it was part of the kingdom of Prussia; 276 years altogether, of which the last hundred are freshest in memory.

On the other hand, for 327 years Danzig enjoyed the 'anomalous' (as Baedeker calls it) status of a Free City, subject to the general suzerainty of the Polish crown. Its history before it passed into the possession of the Teutonic Order is obscure, almost all that is definitely known being that the Slav St Wojciech (Adalbert) stayed there before setting out on his missionary journey to Ancient Prussia in 997, at which time it was governed by a duke of Polish Pomerania, son-in-law of the king of Poland.

So much, then, for the town's history.

Economically, the dominant fact concerning it is that it lies at the mouth of the great river of Poland, the Vistula: the river which forms the backbone of Poland's geo-



Danzigers and Poles returning after a battle with the Teutonic Knights. (From the Artushof)

graphical structure and which until the age of railways carried practically the whole of her foreign trade. Danzig, the port; and Poland, the hinterland. When they have been separated, by the mailed fist of the Teutonic Order, or by that of the kingdom of Prussia, it has been by force. When they have been united, it has been a voluntary union. And that the interests of the city are no different today from what they were in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries is demonstrated by the evidence of Dr Hermann Rauschning, one-time Nazi and President of the Danzig Senate. It is the Nazis, he says, with their imported storm-troopers, who are suppressing the real wishes of the Danzig Germans, and he has published an appeal by 'members of old patrician families, who have resided for centuries in the city and the surrounding country', in support of his words. 'By a silent acceptance', they declare, 'of an anti-constitutional dictatorship of a minority, the voice of Danzig as it really is has been stifled.'

What this voice was through the centuries will be evident from some of the pictures accompanying this article. Let us take, for example, the Artushof, the former place of assembly of the wealthy merchants of the city. On either side of its gate are medallion portraits of Polish

kings—Sigismund III and Ladislas IV. In its 15th-century Hall there is a mural painting of the triumph of the Danzig and Polish forces which captured Marienburg from the Teutonic Knights. The building is emblazoned, besides the arms of Danzig, with the White Eagle of Poland—an emblem freely used by the Danzigers for centuries to adorn their public and private buildings. In the 19th century the Prussians began systematically to destroy these records, and their work is being carried on by the Nazis today.

Many old maps and engravings show that the intimate connection between Danzig and Poland was universally recognized. On a map by J. B. Homann, published in 1657 and entitled *A view, plan and environs of the commercial city of Danzig with its alluvial flats, belonging to the Polish Kingdom*, appears a scene symbolic of the attitude of Danzig to Poland as it then was: Poles and Danzigers united in the pursuit of mutually profitable trade. About 1670 *A neue Mape of Poland* was published, *done into English by T. Speede*, with engravings of Polish cities round the edge. Danzig is represented between Cracow and Poznań, so that it is a legitimate conclusion that most of Europe considered it a Polish city.





Jan Bulhak

(Above) *The Artushof, the ancient assembly hall of the Danzig merchants. On either side of its main entrance are (below) medallion portraits of the Polish kings Sigismund III and Ladislas IV*



Many public buildings in Danzig, dating from the centuries when it was united to Poland, are decorated with the White Eagle, that country's national emblem. (Right) The eagle that formerly adorned the door of the Artushof: now, it is said, removed by the Nazi government of Danzig



Jan Bulhak

(Below) Another Polish eagle inside the Artushof with a Latin inscription which expresses (in very bad grammar!) the attitude of Danzig to Poland at that time





(Left) A Danzig coin of the late sixteenth century with (obverse) a portrait of the Polish King Sigismund III and (reverse) the arms of the city. (Right) A Danzig coin of the late seventeenth century with (obverse) a portrait of King John Sobieski and (reverse) a view of Danzig with the motto: 'Under God's and the [Polish] Eagle's protection Danzig is safe'

Many will doubtless remember the 'man sent from God whose name was John': Sobieski, the conqueror of the Turks under Kara Mustafa and saviour of Vienna in 1683, when they were hoping to extend their empire to the Baltic. Among the Danzig records is a document granting the right of Danzig citizenship to two Frenchmen named Matthys, signed by this king. From this and other evidence it appears that the Polish kings took a close interest in the affairs of the city of which they were suzerains, and also that its population was composed of several different national elements: German, Polish, Dutch, Flemish, English, Scottish and French. Indeed an English traveller of the period gained the impression that a good half of the population must be of Scottish origin. Many English names are to be found there even today. The progress of science at Danzig

likewise interested King John Sobieski, who honoured with his friendship the astronomer Hevelius, who was at the same time brewer, brick-maker, horse-breeder and city councillor, and named a constellation he discovered 'Sobieski's Shield', besides dedicating to him his *Prodromus Astronomiae* (forecourse of astronomy).

A point of some historical interest is indicated by a 17th-century Dutch engraving of Danzig, the title of which describes it as being *dans la Prusse Royale*: Royal, that is, Polish Prussia in contradistinction to Ducal, i.e. East Prussia.

That the friendly and co-operative attitude of Danzig towards Poland lasted unchanged throughout the 18th century, and that the separation of 1793 was no more wished for than the separation of 1308, or than separation is wished for now by the saner elements in the home-born citizenry, appears from various records and documents which the city has preserved.

An anonymous engraving from this century represents the Diet of Polish Prussia—which was composed of the present Polish Pomerania, Danzig and Ermeland (Warmia, now a part of East Prussia with a considerable Polish population). The costumes and swords show that most of the deputies are Poles. The chairman, the bishop of Ermeland, is also a Pole. The interest of this is that it shows Danzig was not merely 'joined to Poland

*Confertur Ius Civitatis Gedanen'
Speculabihbus Iwanni et Claudio Mat-
thijs Fratribz Gallis Romano Catholicis*

Iohannes Rex

by a personal union', as the Germans would have it, but enjoyed the same rights as the rest of Polish Prussia, and took part in the councils of the representative assembly. The Polish voivodes of Culm, Marienburg and Pomerania can be distinguished in the engraving, and also the castellans of Culm, Elbing and Danzig. The letters *m*, *n*, *o* indicate the representatives of the boroughs of Torun, Elbing and Danzig.

An engraving executed by F. A. Lohrmann in the middle of the 18th century gives a view of the Vistula at Danzig, with grain-laden barges manned by boatmen whose dress proclaims them to be Poles. In the foreground may be seen a Polish gentleman, with sword, conversing with a Danzig merchant.

Numerous wealthy Polish families lived permanently in the city, even the primate of Poland, Archbishop Potocki; and the German author of a *History of German Literature concerned with Poland* states that the relations between them and the citizens of Danzig could not have been more cordial, different as were their faith and their customs. The trade of Danzig at this period extended not only over the Baltic to western Europe, but along inland waterways to the Black Sea and across it.

Such was Danzig in its Golden Age (1466-1793), and what is there here to justify the present claim for annexation to the Third Reich? That claim, as indicated above, rests much more on the events of the 19th century, when from 1814 to 1918 Danzig formed part of the kingdom of Prussia and afterwards of the Second Reich, founded by Bismarck in 1871. Danzig had 'passed' to the kingdom of Prussia by means which Lecky, in his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, characterized as follows: 'It is difficult to exaggerate the extent to which it [the partition of Poland] shook the political system, lowered the morals, and weakened the public law, of Europe'; while Frederick the Great reveals his view of events in his

History of My Own Times, when he says: 'This was one of the most important acquisitions we could make, because . . . as it rendered us masters of the Vistula we gained . . . the power to levy considerable tolls on the Vistula, by which river the whole trade of Poland was carried on'.

It is claimed that Danzig is historically a German city, and that its prosperity in old days was due to German mercantile ability. Yet, when annexed, it was treated by the Prussian government in a way which showed that they feared rather than trusted its independent spirit. Joan, the mother of the philosopher Schopenhauer, born and brought up at Danzig and greatly



A goblet given by the city of Danzig to King John Sobieski when he visited the city in 1677. On it are the arms of Poland and an inscription in German



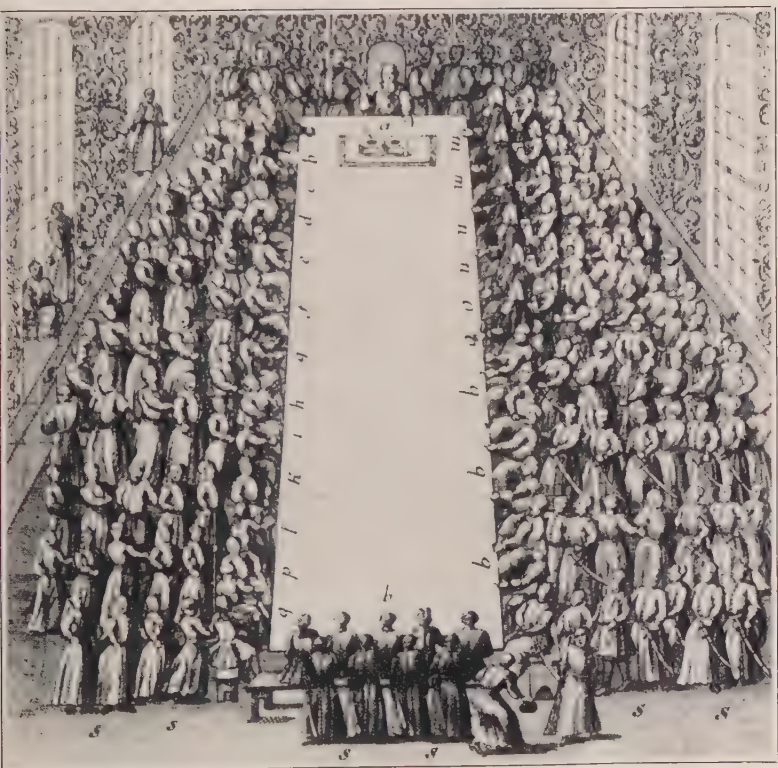
(Above) A seventeenth-century Dutch engraving of Danzig, described in the title as being dans la Prusse Royale: Royal, that is, Polish Prussia in contrast to Ducal, that is, East Prussia



(Right) A scene on a map by J. B. Homann, published in 1657, is symbolic of the contemporary relationship between Danzig and Poland. It shows Poles and Danzigers united in profitable trade



(Above) From an eighteenth-century engraving: barges on the Vistula manned by Poles. In the foreground a Polish gentleman, with sword, is conversing with a Danzig merchant



(Left) The Diet of Polish Prussia in the eighteenth century. Most of the deputies are shown by their costume to be Poles. Danzig, Marienburg and Elbing are represented



Jan Bulhak

Shadows of the past rise up to proclaim that the special relationship between Poland and Danzig is a natural one, and that Danzig can live and prosper as a German city without actually being joined to the German Reich

Jan Bulhak



They proclaim, too, that a city which once set the Eagle of Poland over its High Gate can afford to consider the needs and interests of Poland as being more important to its welfare than the desire of some German leaders to obtain a stranglehold over Poland's foreign trade

attached to it, has left us her record of the feelings aroused. 'The Prussians arrived that night', she wrote. 'Next morning the vampire of misfortune swooped upon my city, thus destined to utter ruin, and for long years sucked its vital juice until it was completely exhausted. The anger of the inhabitants . . . has turned to despairing rage and passed into intense hatred of everything Prussian.'

Danzig had been more populous than any city in Poland, yet its autonomous institutions were abolished and later Königsberg, not Danzig, was made the capital of the province of Prussia. When the first railway was built connecting East Prussia with Berlin, it left Danzig to one side, and indeed a port which was cut off from its natural up-river background in 'Congress Poland' (so named from the Congress of Vienna in 1814) could not compete with such German ports as Stettin. In 1913 its population was 170,000, as against 236,000 at Stettin, and the volume of its imports and exports amounted to 2,112,101 metric tons. It was not, that is to say, a harbour of the first importance. Its relative position had fallen considerably after a century of Prussian rule.

At the Peace Conference of Versailles the Committee of Experts had three alternatives before them when they considered the future of Danzig. It might remain incorporated with Germany; it might be incorporated in Poland; or it might be made into a Free City once more. Originally they recommended the second course. In the end they decided on the third, traditional, but 'anomalous'; and it is this course which has given opportunity for all the unpleasantnesses of recent years. Nevertheless, Poland does not propose forcibly to change the *status quo*. Germany does. If Germany tries, Poland will oppose her with great spirit, and the war will become world-wide.

Germany's historical claim to control of Danzig, we have seen, rests on 276 years of association by force; Poland's historical

claim to a special status there on 327 years of free and prosperous association. But, after all, why should history be given such weight? Should not account rather be taken of the relative importance of Danzig in the economic life of Poland and Germany respectively? In 1793 it was the channel, as Frederick the Great knew, of almost all Poland's foreign trade. In 1913 it was one, and not in the front rank, of Germany's half-dozen Baltic ports.

In 1938 it, together with its complement Gdynia, eleven miles away, dealt with a volume of imports and exports nearly four-fifths that handled by the port of London: 16 million tons as against 22. The population of Danzig is some 350,000; that of Gdynia, which is still rapidly growing, 120,000. The volume of Danzig's foreign trade in 1938 was 7,127,195 metric tons. The port area has increased from 435 acres in 1913 to 524, the length of its wharves from 13 miles to 19, the length of its railway lines from 24 miles to 212, and its warehouse area from 187,000 square yards to 350,000.

Yet its population remains German, and complains of the rivalry of Gdynia, which handled 9,173,438 tons last year (coal accounting for much of the weight), though these two are the only ports of Poland, and last year dealt together with 78 per cent of the country's foreign trade.

Two things, in this connection, should not be forgotten. They are pointed out by Rauschnig. Gdynia was founded because the Danzig Germans for political reasons would not co-operate closely with Poland. And further: 'It should not be forgotten that if relations between Germany and Poland had developed normally, on the lines desired by the fathers of the Treaty of Versailles, the present population of Gdynia . . . would have settled at Danzig, and thus would have changed the fundamentally German character of its collective life'.

This is as much as to say that 'the fundamentally German character of Danzig's collective life' has been protected by the régime finally decided upon by the Committee of Experts at Versailles. Danzig is a Free City under the protection of the League of Nations, but it is included in the Polish customs area. Within the Free City area (740 square miles), however, the customs are administered by Danziger officials under Polish inspectors, and the city takes six times as large a share of the revenue as it would receive were this divided between Danzig and Poland in proportion to their respective populations. In its own interest it keeps its monetary unit, the guilder, on a stable level with the Polish zloty.

Customs, railway and inland water transport, and foreign affairs: these branches of administration are under Polish control. Poland has its own postal, telegraph and telephone service in the port, alongside of the Free City post, and is entitled to use the harbour for its war vessels. In all other fields Danzig is autonomous, and Poland did not intervene even when the city came to be dominated by the Nazi party, and disturbances broke out, in 1933. Of this Rauschnig says: 'Certain events, due to the indiscipline of the storm-troopers, gave Poland a legal justification for sending military forces. . . . The German army at the time could not have opposed the occupation of Danzig by Poland and thereby taken upon itself the risk of a general armed conflict with

the latter country.' Yet Poland did not intervene.

That is to say, the Poles have been constantly forbearing in the face of provocation, and Danzig is at present a Nazi city, where opponents of the creed are persecuted as they are in Germany.

Why, then, does the Third Reich wish to annex it? Not because its German character is endangered; but in pursuance of the same designs as were revealed convincingly to the world when Hitler incorporated the Sudetens and then marched to 'protect' Prague; in pursuance of the same designs as were explained by Ludendorff: to surround the Reich with a circuit of submissive vassal states, whose territory would provide the *Herrenvolk* with materials and food, and take its manufactured goods, incidentally buffering it against outside foes.

But Poland has no mind to become such a vassal, buffer, *Lebensraum*. Poland has known the Germans for a thousand years, and has no mind to be cut off from the little bit which East Prussia leaves it of the sea. 'A self-respecting country', said the Polish Foreign Minister in reply to the German Führer on May 5, 1939, 'does not make one-sided concessions.' 'The maxim *oderint dum metuant*' (let them hate provided they fear), said the German writer Frantz at the time of the foundation of the Second Reich in 1871, 'certainly will not procure us a single true friend, and may some day lead to the rise of a great coalition against us.'

The last five Photogravure Plates are reproduced from Dance and Drama in Bali by Beryl de Zoete, illustrated by Walter Spies, published by Faber and Faber; price 30s



F. C. E. Knight

A very popular Balinese dance is the Djanger ('humming': so called from the hummed accompaniment to the entranced girl dancers). At the village of Pekoe the initial dance is followed by a drama of Hindu-Javanese romance in the costume and style of the Ardja; the appearance of Rangda the witch being the climax of the performance



Making up for the Djanger. Sweet-smelling flowers, mounted on wire, are dressed into the hair. The face is made up very pale

F. C. E. Knight.



F. C. E. Knight.

The heroine of the Djanger drama in distress. She fell into a trance when Ranga the witch appeared, and sobbed heartrendingly



One of the Sandarans, sometimes described as butterflies in the garden of Indra, who often appear in the Barong play. Their masks, mysteriously smiling, are surmounted by a golden-crowned headdress



Dancers in the Redjang, a women's temple-dance. It is generally performed in several files, the dancers linked by sashes held in the left hand, while the right arm keeps up a slow undulation



The Wayang Wong consists of episodes from the Hindu epic, the Ramayana, and is performed in a cycle at certain seasons of the year. Rama, the hero, is assisted by a monkey host to rescue his wife Sita from the stronghold of the demon king Ravana, in Lanka (Ceylon), after a long and terrible war. (*Above*) The monkey host advances to battle. (*Right*) Hanuman, the captain of the monkeys





The Barong, the protective animal of the Balinese village, takes various forms. Holiest and most splendid is the Barong Kecak, the essence of whose magic power resides in his beard. This Barong is the hero of the Barong play, the central magic drama of Bali. He is animated by two men, and music accompanies his movements

Art and Life in Bali

by Dr F. C. E. KNIGHT

The need for self-expression is one of humanity's deepest instincts. In our industrialized western world it is largely frustrated, inasmuch as the greater part of our activities are linked with a vast economic machine working for aims beyond our own control. So most of us turn lamely to sports and hobbies; some find satisfaction (not always harmless) in a political or social cause; a very few dedicate their lives to the arts. Have we nothing to learn from the Balinese who, having created a communal basis for their economic existence, find in the collective cultivation of the endlessly rich field of art a satisfactory substitute for our hysterical mass 'sports', religious revivalism, and Gadarene-swine-like movements behind some political leader?

PERHAPS no spot on earth, in these days of travel-films and tourist cruise advertisements, is more extensively publicized than the island of Bali; yet of all those to whom its name is familiar, only a handful are aware of the inner life that goes on behind the façade of posturing dancers and elaborate temples that is presented to them. So let us, in the hackneyed phrase, 'say farewell to the colourful isle of Bali', and try to discern the real life of its people.

In relation to Bali, a place about which it is particularly dangerous to generalize, we may safely employ an expression used by a writer in *The Geographical Magazine* with regard to the former condition of Burma—namely, that it is 'an art integration', a place where the various arts are 'aspects of the same sort of rhythms', composing an integral and balanced picture. But in applying this expression to Bali, it is essential that we should examine a little more closely the meaning of the word 'art'. The O.E.D. gives as one definition 'human skill as opposed to nature'. This may be an adequate definition for Europeans, but does it apply when, looking at the sculptures and paintings of the Balinese, listening to their music and watching their dances, we discover that they have no such word as art or artist in their language? On getting to know the woodcarvers and stonemasons, the painters and musicians, one finds out that they are quite ordinary beings who toil in the rice-fields and pursue their art in their spare time. To them painting is just an ex-

pression of an inward state, and needs no special qualification such as the skill which forms an essential part of the European conception. Artists in Europe are such 'artificial' people that they even have their own quarters to live in such as Chelsea and the Quartier Latin. So when we begin to analyse Balinese art we must do away with any preconceived opinions and seek to fathom the reasons for this difference.

Artistic activities in Bali, like all others, centre on the village community. This is easily understood from an economic point of view, for no one family could organize and carry out alone the irrigation of the surrounding paddyfields. Actually the group of villagers responsible for the drawing up and execution of the necessary schemes resembles our local water-boards,



Stanford London.

and they are strictly obeyed, as there is not enough water to allow the *sawahs* (rice-fields) to be flooded haphazardly. Then again the building of a temple or the renewal of a carved gate is of concern to the whole village. In the same way orchestras and dancing groups depend on the village community to make up the numbers which could not be provided by the individual family. These bands are a matter of great pride to the village and the fame of a good group will spread over the whole of Bali. The friendly rivalry between villages reminds one of the spirit shown by local football and cricket teams in England.

Dancers, musicians, sculptors and painters are such matter-of-course members of the village, that supposing one man is carving a temple gate, his rice-fields will be cultivated in the meantime by his neighbours. Greed and the eternal struggle for possessing more than one's neighbour do

not exist; all the land belongs to the gods and is only being lent to the mortals for cultivation. The soil is extraordinarily fertile and as the gods grant up to three crops a year the best of everything is offered to them, plenty remaining for the individual.

Art in Bali is alive and anonymous, be it painting, sculpture, music or dancing. The latter is not so anonymous as other arts, for teachers exist and when they become famous, like Mario who invented the Kebyar dance, a name does mean something and pupils flock to its bearer so that he does not work in the rice-fields but spends all his time teaching. Certain groups of dances may be readily distinguished; those, for example, which consist in the individual interpretation of a musical theme, such as the Kebyar and the Genggong; and those in which the ritual element is paramount, such as the Redjang, a women's temple-dance, and



In the communal agriculture of Bali, religion plays an important part. The ploughing, sowing and planting-out of the rice-fields all take place on auspicious days determined by the priests

F. C. E. Knight



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On a fixed day the statuettes of the gods—Shiva, Vishnu, Indra—are taken out of their shrines in the temples by the villagers and carried down to the sea for a symbolic cleansing

the Mendet, performed when offerings are brought to the altar. Besides these well-defined dances there are many which cannot be systematized, since one observer would stress their value as a play, another one would put the music in the foreground, while to a third the intricate steps of the dance would seem the most characteristic feature. There is the Baris (meaning a line of soldiers) which has many forms both ceremonial and dramatic, but derives from an ancient war-dance to which references are found in mediaeval Javanese chronicles. The Topeng (masked chronicle plays), Wayang Wong (episodes from the Hindu Ramayana) and Arja (opera or musical comedy) all show a strongly dramatic trend. Balinese plays have a striking resemblance to the Italian Commedia dell' Arte with their set characters, such as the prince, the minister and his comic servant, the princess with her attendants, the witch and many others.

Every dance or play is accompanied by music, performed by the village *gamelan* (orchestra). The music is not unpleasing to the European ear, and some pieces suggest fugues of Bach or even some of Debussy's later works. The instruments are mostly percussion ones, drums, metallophones and cymbals; besides these they have flutes, two-stringed violins and various purely native instruments such as the *genggong* and *angklung*. The scale consists of the five notes E, F, G, B, C, but in some villages they have only four notes—an example of the difficulty of generalizing accurately about Bali.

The style of painting as well as of sculpture is for ever changing, perhaps partly because Nature is so unstinting in her gifts that some of this wealth seems to fire the imagination to ever more exquisite designs; but also because most sculptures are done in a very soft sandstone so that temple gates and other



La Marquise de Maupeou

The ideal Balinese beauty should be of medium height and not too thin. The lighter the colour of her golden-brown skin, the more she is admired. For ceremonial occasions she dresses her hair with flowers, often of gold, and fixes on her forehead a golden 'beauty-spot' with a gem at the centre. In her ears she puts ear-plugs—hollow cylinders of gold set at the end with little jewels. The young girl gets accustomed to wearing these ear-plugs by inserting into the slit of the lobe a small roll of palm leaf which gently distends and enlarges it



La Marquise de Maupeou

On feast days, which are very frequent, Balinese women carry to the temples offerings elaborately built up out of flowers, fruit, coloured rice-cakes and other food. Their design, the chief artistic activity of the women, depends mainly on individual taste, though as a rule each village has its own style. The essence is consecrated to the gods and in the evening the owner takes the offerings home, where they are consumed—not, however, by members of the Brahmana caste, who must not eat food from which the spiritual essence has been removed



Anthony Buckley

(Above) Carving finds a traditional outlet in the statuettes of the gods which, with masks for religious dances and plays, are kept in the temples. The mask on the left is one of the monkey host (see the sixth Photogravure Plate); that on the right a garuda bird, Vishnu's steed. The dragon-like object is part of a litter for carrying the gods (see p. 377).



(Left) A stone figure in the Besakih temple, the greatest in all Bali, where the native princes (regents) make offerings for the whole people once a year. As most sculptures are executed in very soft sandstone such figures seldom last more than thirty years, but they are always renewed in strictly traditional style

A bas-relief on a pillar, showing one man climbing a palm tree holding a cock and being watched by another one. In this sculpture and in the painting seen below, the sculptor and painter seem to have had the same stylistic intention, and the painting appears to derive its texture from carving



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The painting (done in Indian ink) depicts an odalan, the feast celebrated on the anniversary of each temple's birthday. It is the principal social event for the whole village community. In the left centre is the priest with his bell and holy-water stoup. To the right is a shrine with offerings. In the foreground a kris dance is being performed by people in a trance

figures never last more than about thirty years, and as there are nearly a thousand temples renewals are indeed frequent.

It is really unfair to look at any sculpture in a museum of ethnology, for it has lost its *raison d'être* the minute it has left its birthplace. The grinning monsters that abound in Bali were conceived at night, for the dark is peopled with were-wolves and witches, and even other decorative motives have no resemblance to existing persons since the Balinese do not think of themselves as subjects for realist reproduction. Living as they do so united with Nature, their phantasy does not reproduce living people or events, as in Europe, but reaches far beyond the boundary of direct experience.

The subjects of Balinese art are nevertheless not confined to mere imaginative phantasy; modern and humorous elements are often introduced in their drawings and carvings. The more primitive drawings are executed almost solely in black and white, using Indian ink and, where imported brushes are not available, pens carved out of bamboo twigs. When applying colours they formerly used their own paints made from different calcined earths, which are beautifully soft in tone but do not last and are therefore but rarely employed. Nowadays most pictures are coloured in afterwards with cheap Japanese paints, for which innovation certain Europeans are responsible who discovered that bright sketches find a readier market with the tourists. Europeans, village scenes and animals are the more usual subjects for their humorous caricatures, while the funny carvings, again mainly for the tourist's consumption, are mostly grotesque misrepresentations of the human face and form.

For classical motives there are the stories of the Hindu Mahabharata, Ramayana and Panca-tantra. The classic style dates from the early 16th century, when Islam conquered Java and the last rulers of the Hindu Madjapahit king-

dom fled to Bali; though in the north some extremely beautiful statues of hard stone are supposed to date from the 11th century. The refugees were assimilated into the existing population and the only differences still noticeable occur in some remote villages where the Bali-Agas, the 'original' Balinese, still preserve certain pre-Madjapahit rites and religious concepts: thus they regard Indra, elsewhere in Bali subordinate to Shiva, as the supreme deity.

The Madjapahit kingdom had existed for about two hundred years before the Mahomedans invaded Java and the last king, Erlangga, was also a Balinese by birth. He features in many heroic epics and appears often in shadow plays.

Cornelius Houtman discovered Bali at the end of the 16th century and incorporated it into the Dutch East India Company. The final subjection of the island did not, however, take place till 1908, when the last prince of South Bali was massacred with all his retainers as they came out to meet a detachment of Dutch infantry, wearing their ceremonial robes and princely regalia. To this day it is remembered as the *puputan*, which means 'the end'. Now Bali is ruled by a set of native regents who see that the taxes are collected and that their subjects behave. Each regent has a Dutch comptroller who advises him.

The Dutch were wise indeed in not setting up plantations as in Java, for that would have upset the perfect balance which characterizes the Balinese; be it the balance between the spiritual and physical life, or the balance in art. This exists not only within a given branch of art, as in dancing, where no one special dance dominates over the rest, but also between the different forms of dance and drama—which is not the case, for example, in Burma, where the drama completely overshadows the dances. The native shows balance in his relationship to the white man, whose equal he is in his own eyes:

even the tourists do not upset his poise. It is also seen in his relation to children and animals. He never chides his child, for it would be a crime to hurt his little soul; and, if you watch a father playing with his child or fondling his fighting-cock, or if you admire the bathing-place with separate compartments for men, women and horses, you will begin to understand his spiritual make-up.

We have got so far away from instinctive and emotional reactions and stress so much the intellectual factor that we either look down on the native as a poor nigger or study him from an anthropological point of view, thereby failing to grasp the unique phenomenon of human beings living in natural surroundings which they do not try to subject. As I have said, the



—and an archer. Their money value tends to divert artistic effort from traditional work



The tourist market has stimulated the type of wood-carving here shown: a Djanger dancer—

soil of Bali is extraordinarily fertile; and instead of seeking to exploit it with that Western violence which Messrs Jacks and Whyte have summed up in the title of their recent book *The Rape of the Earth*, the Balinese have adapted their economic life to the balance and rhythm of Nature. In the very pattern of their rice-fields, skilfully terraced so that tropical rains shall replenish and not tear away the soil from which man has removed its covering of vegetation, one may perceive the harmonious flow that marks all natural things. And Nature, instead of taking the swift revenge that she has visited upon the farmers of the Western United States, has continued to reward the people of Bali abundantly for many centuries.



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The Balinese are extremely clean and bathe and wash several times a day; either in the sea or in rivers or in specially prepared bathing-places with water-spouts and walls of carved stone. That of Tedjakula in North Bali has separate compartments for men, women and horses

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Frank E. B. Struben

Fighting-cocks are cherished by their owners from chickenhood up. Each morning they are set out in their baskets on the street 'to amuse themselves watching people go by', or taken to a rendezvous 'for company'. A Balinese will even take his fighting-cock with him to the play, like a lap-dog

This profusion of Nature strikes sympathetic chords in their souls and finds expression in the abundance and perfection of their culture. There is nothing artificial about it, for they live their parts, whether they are taking part in a classical play or are falling into ecstasy during a temple feast. Their ecstasies and trances, and particularly the idea of their being 'possessed' by influences outside themselves, are mentioned (usually with mysterious and gruesome details) in most articles on Bali. Possession certainly does take place on many occasions, maybe a priest in trance answering in a strange voice the questions put to him by the priestess concerning village affairs, or one of the kris dancers stabbing himself during the performance of a Barong play. The ease with which the Balinese fall into a trance, or rather become possessed, is primarily due to their primitive suggesti-

bility and their belief in the real existence of the gods and the relationship of the divine to the human.

The Balinese gods indeed play a paramount rôle and it is no exaggeration to say that a good third of a Balinese's waking hours is spent preparing for or taking part in some religious ceremony. The religion is a curious combination of pre-Hinduistic stone worship mixed with Hinduism and Buddhism. It is strange to see Brahman and so-called Buddhist priests officiating side by side at some prince's temple feast; for only a prince could afford to employ both kinds. There are many more Hindu priests than 'Buddhist', the former being the servants of the gods, while the latter's duties consist on the whole in the appeasement of evil spirits.

The ritual of even the simplest prayer such as the priest's morning purification would take pages to describe, consisting of

the cleansing of the body accompanied by the recital of *mantras* or holy formulae. For the rest consecrated water, incense and flowers accompanied by more prayers and *mudras* are the most noticeable features. These *mudras* are secret, well-defined movements of the hands, such as folding them with the middle fingers extended, or pressing the palms together with flexed fingers.

The Brahman priests do not go into a trance during temple feasts: this is a function of the low-caste temple watchers or *pemangkus*. They examine the offerings which are brought to the temple and know all about the ritual connected with feasts. The Brahman priest or *pedanda* is consulted to find out an auspicious day for a tooth-filing, or even for such a simple event as that of sowing a paddy field. These determinations are quite beyond the

average Balinese who well knows that it would be courting disaster to plough or sow on the wrong day; so he consults a priest who can deal with intricacies of the calendar, which consists of two different ones used side by side. One is the Hindu solar-lunar year and is similar to our own as it has twelve months. The times of *purnama* or full moon and *tilem* or new moon are important in fixing the Balinese new year as well as in agriculture. Then there is the native year of 210 days, divided into weeks ranging from two to ten days. Dates however are mostly reckoned by market day which takes place every three days.

Again, priests are consulted as to the desirability of performing certain plays or dances, though some events entail specific plays. For example, a Wayang Kulit or shadow play must take place before a



The pedanda (Brahman priest) is present at all dances and plays into which the magical spirit-pervaded element enters. Here he is seen purifying dancing girls before a Barong performance

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cremation, since holy water needed for washing the corpse is prepared during the play.

In examining the relationship between religion, dances and plays, it is important to appreciate the outlook of the Balinese upon his surroundings. The world about him is peopled with strange phantoms, all fundamentally evil. They are the spirits of uncremated human beings and of all the different diseases, each of which has its own peculiar shape. Last but not least come the 'leyaks', people who transform themselves with the help of black magic. If you see a native at night standing near a Pura Dalem or temple of magic and later see a cow running away very rapidly, or a winged horse, you may be sure he was a 'leyak'. A modern 'leyak' keeps up with the times and is supposed to be able to transform himself into a bicycle or a motor car! You know it is a 'leyak' because you see the rubber tyres heaving!

All these evil spirits which surround the native and crowd in on him during the dark have to be kept somehow in check, and the Balinese have decided to solve the problem by propitiating and sometimes even by deceiving them. As mentioned above, the pemangkus prepare the offerings for these spirits in the temples, but on each house-altar or *sangghah* offerings are placed every five days and at night burning coconut shells are set in front of each threshold to keep the spirits away. They have a habit of only being able to move in a straight line, so when you enter a Balinese compound you are faced by a blank wall which you have to skirt before getting into the actual courtyard. For the same reason the entrance to the inner temple is rarely in a straight line with that of the outer courtyard.



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One of the influences against which the pedanda is called upon to exert his powers is that of Rangda the witch who figures prominently in many Balinese magic dramas. Her terrifying image is kept in the Pura Dalem

The pervasive presence of evil spirits naturally finds its way, along with more strictly religious elements, into the Balinese dances and plays. As an example we may take one of the dances which are performed at the slightest provocation, namely, the Barong. Usually a priest in trance demands its performance in the name of the god possessing him, and often sickness in the village or other misfortunes are attributed by the god to its non-performance. The Barong is a strange animal covered with hair or



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Some Balinese dances merely interpret the music of a particular instrument. The Genggong is danced by individuals inspired by the music of a group of players of the instrument so named—a kind of jews' harp. One of the players will rise at intervals and reflect the rhythm of the music in movements of his body, especially the hands



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The Tjalonarang series of dances or plays, which are magically very powerful, dramatize Rangda's activities. In such dances, the dancers frequently fall into trances and dance while in that condition. (Above) Women whose tense expression in a kris dance is the prelude to a trance. (Below) Dancer reviving after being entranced





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In the Barong play at Pagoetan, after the kindly Barong has disported himself to the music of the gamelan, the witch Rangda suddenly appears. There is a trial of strength, and—



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—the Barong yields, retreating towards his supporters who have remained in the background. These, seeing their champion in difficulties, advance against Rangda, waving their krises



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They make a rush at Rangda, who, with a flourish of her claw, sweeps them to the ground and by superior magic causes them to turn their crises against their own breasts



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But injury is averted by the power of the Barong, which usually prevents the kris from penetrating, despite its holder's evident exertion. Should blood flow, it is staunched by the pedanda

feathers and needs two actors to hold him up, the front one manipulating the clacking jaws which express his pleasure at certain tunes played by the gamelan. Rangda the witch is his opponent and usually the Barong is considered as the impersonation of good, while the Rangda is the incarnation of evil. Actually all spirits are evil, even the Barong, who however has been won over to fight on the human side.

Almost every village club has a different way of performing this play, but usually four masked *sandarans*, dancing a graceful and weaving pattern, open the dance. According to one story they represent butterflies in the garden of Indra. Their careless flutterings are disturbed by four *djaeks* who represent gardeners and chase the sandarans; though the graceful intermingling of steps gives the impression that they end on a friendly note. Now Indra appears as the Barong; he dances about and finally comes upon Rarong who is meditating in a churchyard. She is a lesser witch and pupil of Rangda and by praying amongst the corpses hopes to increase her supernatural power. The Barong bites her and she rushes off to find her mistress to whom she pours out her sorrow. The word 'Rangda' means widow; this does not sound evil in itself until one realizes that widows should not be alive as they should have been burnt upon their husbands' death. Rangda appears with a cloth covering her frightening features to show that she is invisible.

In the meantime a group of men, evidently the retainers of the Barong, are beginning to get restless. Every few minutes one of them will jump up with a shout, only to be mastered by a group of villagers standing around. At last the moment has come for Rangda to bare her features and at that gruesome sight there is no holding the small group of natives who leap up, and seizing crises held out to them, rush at her. Her power is, however, greater and with a flick of the

cloth which she is still holding in her hand she causes the frenzied natives to fall down and turn the crises against their own breasts. It is an awesome sight to see the natives rolling on the ground and, covered with perspiration, apparently trying to drive these sharp weapons into their breasts. Fortunately they rarely do so, the power of the Barong preventing any injury. Should blood flow, a priest comes up and, mumbling incantations, places a petal of the hibiscus flower on the wound and thereby stops the flow of blood.

One may well ask oneself how such a thing is possible in the twentieth century, when miracles are widely regarded as an abnormality that ceased in the Middle Ages. Physiologists tell us that the muscular walls of blood-vessels are supplied with nerves from the sympathetic nervous system over which we have no control, and the question is, therefore, how this apparent control of the flow of blood is established. Who does not remember, as a child, cutting himself with a forbidden knife and, overcome by fear of discovery and punishment, persuading himself that it didn't hurt and was not really bleeding? If the fear was strong enough this would often happen; similarly the native knows that his wound will not bleed when it has been dealt with in the proper manner. His certainty and our fear seem to be able to influence the involuntary nervous system in some indirect way.

This phenomenon alone is fascinating enough to inspire the scientist with a wish to delve more deeply into the beliefs and customs of the Balinese; but scientific enthusiasm, so eager to cut and dry and pigeonhole all the ascertainable facts in a few weeks, is liable to be somewhat damped by the discovery that a certain religious festival is performed only once every ten years. Thus do the Balinese frustrate our Western curiosity and tactlessness, and compel respect for the secrets of their way of life.

A Cape Huguenot Farm

by GEORGE ASCHMAN

Our May number contained an intimate description of life on a dairy farm in Finland. Here Mr Aschman, who is Features Editor of the Cape Times, gives an attractive picture of farming in the very different surroundings from which comes the famous wine of South Africa. Its producers represent a tradition of which they and their fellow-subjects throughout the Empire are rightly proud

THIS September the Union of South Africa is celebrating the 250th anniversary of the settlement at the Cape of a band of Huguenot refugees. Fleeing from the religious and civic restrictions imposed upon them by Catholic France, these exiles found harbourage in Protestant England, Holland, Germany and Switzerland where the hand of friendship was extended to them.

Holland, particularly, had a use for such people—artisans, peasant farmers, tradesmen, as most of them were. Holland possessed a growing colony at the Cape of Good Hope, 6000 miles across the world, which needed sober hearts and strong hands to establish a Half-way House on the sea-route to the markets of the East.

These refugees were the sort of people who would make reliable, industrious colonists and to the Cape some of them went. The party indeed was astonishingly small—164 souls in all—but their influence on South Africa has been such as to prove the virtue of casting one's bread upon the waters. Charity and self-interest in this instance at least made excellent bed-fellows.

The Huguenots who landed on the shores of Table Bay in 1688 were but a handful of nearly 500,000 refugees who dispersed over Europe at the time and though their blood is now completely assimilated with that of the common stream of South Africanism—indeed from the first it was the policy of the Dutch East India Company that they should sink their national and traditional idiosyncrasies in the general pool—the Huguenot idea, so to speak, is part of the country's proudest heritage.

Within a few generations of the coming of the first French settlers, their national identity had passed away. They had intermarried with the older Dutch stock (later they did so with both Dutch and English); they worshipped in the same churches; they owned the same allegiance to the mother-country, Holland. Their very home language had been superseded by the tongue of their adopted country. Today most of their descendants know no more French than the smattering which may have been picked up at school or on occasional visits abroad.

One would look far to trace among them in bearing, features or gesture, any shadow of French ancestry; and yet family names like Marais, Labuschagne, Malherbe, le Roux, du Plessis, de Villiers abound in South Africa, for the Huguenot colonists spread and ramified and bore rich fruit like the vines they first planted and tended in the green valley of the Berg River. Here, at Fransch Hoek and Drakenstein and Paarl, where the strangers made their homes, the names of their wine-farms today might be a rondeau in which the theme is the map of old France herself—Champagne, La Provence, Hermitage, La Terre de Luc, Languedoc, La Gratitude and La Dauphine. . . .

The vineyards of La Dauphine creep right to the foot of the Fransch Hoek Mountains. One of the oldest of those farms which were parcelled out among the Huguenots', La Dauphine still today grows and presses its own wine. It lies within 50 miles of Cape Town and is approached along the wattle-lined, tarred Stellenbosch road.

We visited it on one of those sunny

winter days in the Cape which bring the first promise of spring. White-painted wooden bridges across streams where arum lilies stood knee-deep, the green and fallow patchwork of cultivated fields on the rolling foothills of the mountains, the sharp-etched iris-blue shadows of the Hottentots' Holland Mountains rearing miles ahead, thatched roofs and white-walled cottages and stables and a scattering of pink daisies and yellow wildflowers along the roadside—all these echoed the sunlight and made a mockery of the notoriously rainy Cape winter.

Oaks in precipitate new leaf, the silver skeletons of more cautious poplars and windbreak-ranks of sturdy pine-trees broke the blue and gold of the landscape. Occa-

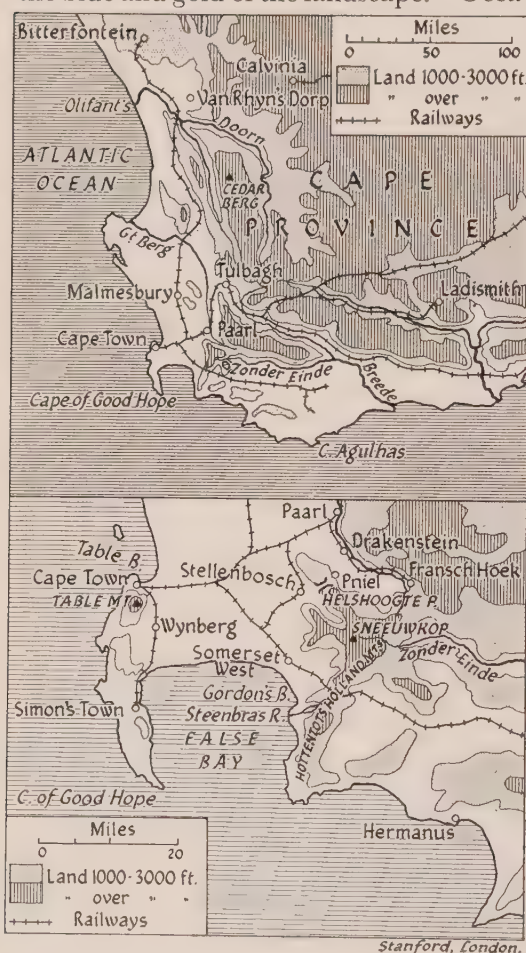
sional flames of scarlet poinsettia against the golden dapple of the oaks sheltering a farmhouse were a reminder of the warm, almost sub-tropical fertility of even southernmost Africa.

Skirting the outlying houses of old Stellenbosch, built for the pleasure of the first Cape Governor, Simon van der Stel, the road winds up across Helshoogte, once a hazardous climb for wagons passing across the mountains from Stellenbosch to Drakenstein, now a smooth sweep of cambered gradient which a car can take at a breath. Then down to Pniel, a picturesque mission village where only Coloured people live and on to a first glimpse of the white walls of an old Cape Dutch farmstead.

Boschendal, now spelled Bossendal, is one of thirteen lovely old homesteads rescued from decay by Cecil Rhodes who, with characteristic largeness of mind, planned to develop the fruit-growing industry of the Cape on a grand scale. Business apart—and Rhodes knew his business, for the Drakenstein Valley is even today reaping the benefit of his direction—he gave specific instructions that preference of purchase was to be given to the more beautiful and stately of the old homesteads which are now preserved in their traditional character.

From Boschendal, the valley road runs past orchards and vineyards through Groot Grakenstein and the village of Fransch Hoek, whence it is a quick run to La Dauphine, the home of Mr Septimus Malherbe and his family.

The homestead is surrounded by giant oak-trees and from the front *stoep* (our word for open verandah) there is a breathtaking view of the mountains across the valley. We stood at the foot of the steps leading up to the stoep and admired the soft contours of the Fransch Hoek Mountains and the peaceful scene of farm lands and farm homes that lay below. On the right the dizzy road that leads to another fertile valley just across the mountains—





On the way to Fransch Hoek: a donkey team at the top of Helshoogte pass, with Stellenbosch in the background. Donkeys are much used in South Africa, especially by Coloured people

the Rivier Zonder Einde Vallei or the 'Valley of the River Without End'—lay like a fresh scar across the face of the Fransch Hoek Mountain. Below were the marks of previous highways to the interior from Fransch Hoek. One of these is still known today as the Olifantspad (Elephants' Road) for it was down this mountain track that the elephants of a past century came on their marauding visits to the Fransch Hoek Valley, thus giving this part of the Cape its original name of Olifantshoek before it was renamed Fransch Hoek in honour of the Huguenots who settled there.

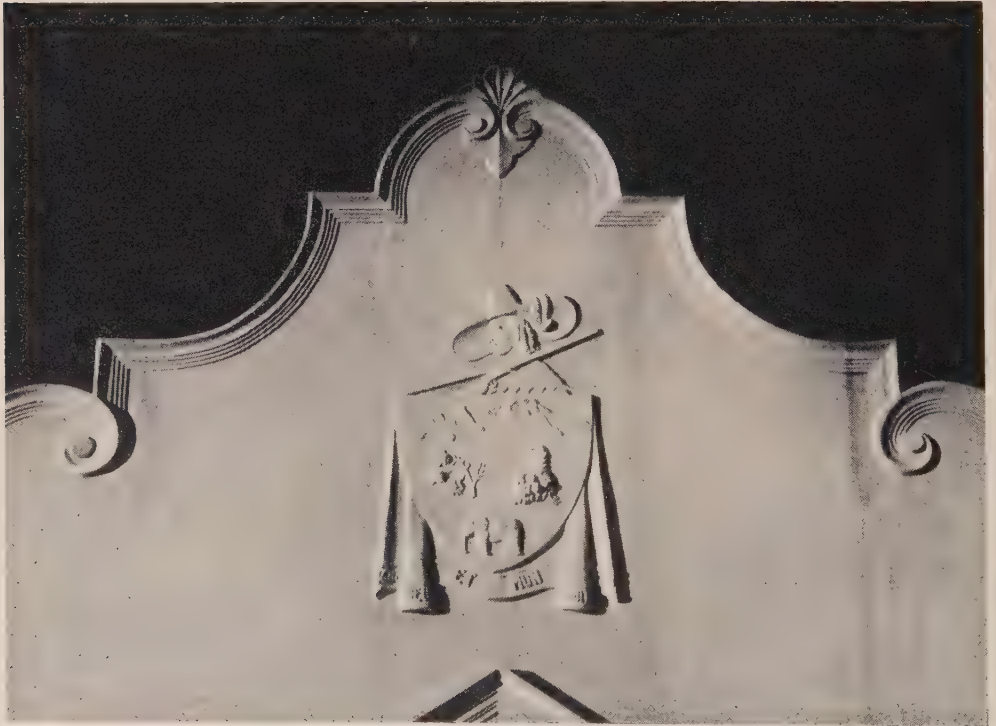
Here beneath the mountain the Huguenots stopped to build their homes on the farms granted them by the Dutch East India Company. They could go no further for the great mountain ramparts blocked their way. 'Keer Weder' (Turn Again) today names the farm beyond which no man could plant his vines or

sow his corn. Immediately behind La Dauphine, which lies alongside Keer Weder, tower the mountain peaks of Sneeuwkop (5214 feet) and Berg River Peak (4470 feet), part of the extended range of the Great Drakenstein Mountains in which at least three prominent rivers have their source—the Berg River, the Rivier Zonder Einde, and the Steenbras River which the engineers have dammed high above Gordon's Bay in order to supply Cape Town with its water.

Looking at the well-cultivated lower slopes of the mountains in the immediate surroundings, at the propinquity of the farm homesteads, at the nearby village, I could not help thinking of the loneliness of those earlier colonists, fresh from the press of humanity in Europe, who, with such limited resources, had to fend for themselves. In addition to their isolation, they had to face danger from wild animals—elephants, lions and jackals.



The Huguenot church at Paarl, built in 1805. Thousands of Huguenot refugees' descendants have worshipped here and loved its white walls, thatched roof and tall surrounding cypress trees



Gable on the Town Hall at Fransch Hoek (originally called Olifantshoek: hence the elephant)

Today the intermittent ringing of the telephone on the party line, the voice of the radio announcer from Cape Town, London, Berlin, the constant passing of cars, the occasional echo of a gun fired on neighbouring farms—all these bring a sense of personal protection and comfort into the lives of the farmers in the Fransch Hoek Valley.

Though the farm was named and planted by one of the original Huguenot colonists, Estienne Niel, who took possession of it somewhere about 1710, the present homestead was built only in 1809—one of a number that sprang up in the valley about that time when more prosperous days brought greater material comforts to the descendants of the refugees.

The Huguenots had arrived at the Cape dispossessed of practically all their material wealth. They had to be assisted by the Dutch colonists as well as by the D.E.I.C.

to settle on the land and to build what habitations they could in this virgin valley.

None of them lived to see the beautiful homes arise three and four generations later on the farms that they had so industriously worked. But their spirit lingers inescapably in the gabled farmsteads which line the Berg River today and which carry the names that they had brought with them from their beloved France—La Motte, L'Arc d'Orléans, Picardie, L'Ormarins, Rhône, Bien Donnée, Cabrière, Bourgogne and many others.

By some kind Providence it was a Frenchman who, one hundred years after the arrival of the Huguenots, came to the Cape and during the 35 years that he lived here gave South Africa its priceless heritage of what are now known as houses of the old Cape Dutch style. Louis Michel Thibault arrived at the Cape



Dressed in the costume of their ancestors—Huguenot refugees and Dutch colonists—residents of Fransch Hoek take part in an annual historical pageant: the toast is drunk in a local wine



A winter view of La Dauphine, one of the many gabled farmsteads built at the Cape in the late 18th and the early 19th century. Shaped like an H, it personifies the old 'Cape Dutch' style of building

A closer view of the front gable with its delicate plaster scrolls, round sundial and the date, 1809. On the stoep, or terrace, are members of an old Huguenot family, the Malherbes, owners of the house

from Paris in 1781 in a Swiss regiment of mercenaries, but it is as an engineer and architect that South Africa honours his memory.

He became inspector of civil and military buildings during the Batavian régime at the Cape from 1803–6 and drew a large number of architectural designs for private houses as well as for the government. In most of his work he collaborated with Anton Anreith, the soldier-sculptor, and Schutte, the draughtsman, whose names are also revered at the Cape.

The façade of La Dauphine is a typical example of the indigenous Cape architecture of the close of the 18th century. The old thatched roof has, however, given way to more practical but less pleasing corrugated iron and a number of other modifications have been made which will be obvious only to the trained eye.

But in essence La Dauphine is a home that links us closely with the past that we in South Africa shall be commemorating this September. It stands on a farm originally granted, as I have said, to a Huguenot refugee, Estienne Niel (whose descendants, known as Nel, are scattered all over South Africa; one, Philip Nel, captained the Springbok Rugby team on its last New Zealand tour); it later passed into the hands of the de Villiers—another illustrious Huguenot family—and 67 years ago it was bought by the father of the present owner, Mr Septimus Malherbe.

Mr Malherbe can trace his ancestry back to Gideon Malherbe, one of the Huguenots who came to the Cape in 1688 in the first ship to bring the refugees from Holland, the *Voorschooten*, a sailing ship 130 feet long carrying on board 22 refugees. The Malherbes can regard



Around La Dauphine, vineyards and orchards thrive where wild animals roamed when the Huguenots arrived



One of the Coloured maids washing in concrete wash-tub outside the kitchen of Dauphine. Daughters of the Coloured farm labourers are employed in domestic service on the farm, for which they receive a monthly wage in addition to free food.



Corneels Daniels who for twenty-five years has worked for Mr Malherbe at La Dauphine, refusing to re-marry when that would have meant leaving the farm. Here he is pruning in an orchard. South African fruit and wine producers depend on Coloured labour.

themselves, as the very Mayflower of South African society.

It is right and proper therefore that La Dauphine today should be in the hands of a Huguenot family. Mr Septimus Malherbe is one of a large family. Of his brothers one is a lecturer in physics at the Stellenbosch University, another is an attorney at Stellenbosch, a third is a school principal at Paarl and a fourth a school teacher in the Free State. He himself, the only farmer in the family, married a Miss van Blerk, descended on her mother's side from Pierre Joubert, another Huguenot colonist whose farm, La Provence, lies across the valley from La Dauphine. Mrs Malherbe comes from the wheat-growing district of Malmesbury, 50 miles away, and was before her marriage a kindergarten teacher.

Tielman François, the eldest of their three children, will no doubt follow in his father's footsteps and become a farmer. Mr Malherbe told me that he would send his son to university just as he, destined to be a farmer, had been sent to the Stellenbosch-Elsenburg College of Agriculture to study science.

The old idea of leaving the fool of the family to run the farm can be put into practice in South Africa these days only with fatal results. Modern fruit and wine farming has become an unending test between the trained and experienced mind and the forces of Nature and economics.

La Dauphine is a farm of 90 morgen (190 acres) which is a biggish farm for these parts. With 20 acres under vines, Mr Malherbe presses every year about 130 leaguers of wine (more than 16,000 gallons) and every summer sends about 7000 cases of peaches, plums and pears to Covent Garden as well as other European markets.

Wine-making probably comes instinctively to a descendant of those Huguenots who were specially sent out to the Cape because of their knowledge of viticulture. None the less, as every wine grower will

tell you, from the moment the grape is ripened it is imperative not to lose sight of it for an instant, for the grape is the most sensitive of all products and susceptible to many changes.

The soil on La Dauphine is particularly good for light wines and a good proportion of the annual yield goes to a wine merchant in Stellenbosch for blending purposes. It is a clean white wine of the Witzenberg type. Mr Malherbe also makes a heavy sweet wine known as Jeripigo specially for export through the Wine-growers' Co-operative Association (commonly known as the K.W.V.). Of the present 5220 members of the K.W.V.—a vast organization doing a big export of wine to Europe—nearly 40 per cent bear French names and of these at least 73 are Malherbes.

The poorest wine from La Dauphine finds its way to the nearest distillery (controlled by the K.W.V.) where it is made into brandy or spirits. Most of the wine is made from the green grape but Mr Malherbe has recently put down a good deal of Riesling and French vine stock for quality wines.

All new types of vines are first grafted onto American stock, a wild vine which is resistant to phylloxera, that dread disease which late last century compelled hundreds of wine farmers throughout the Western Province to uproot their vineyards and burn their vines. Mr Malherbe told us that he was a boy when this happened and that the uprooting of the vineyards made a deep impression on him.

The grafting of the tender vine shoots onto the wild vine is a delicate job; but old Corneels Daniels, the Coloured labourer who has been working for Mr Malherbe for 25 years, is an expert at it. We found him sitting in the sun up against the wall of the stables cutting the vines into even lengths as a preliminary to the grafting process. The new vine is bound to the American stock which is planted in mass, but as soon as the sap flows freely between

the two sticks and the grafting process is complete, the vines are transplanted at their proper distance in the vineyard, each with a powerful stem and roots resistant to phylloxera.

Work in the vineyard continues right through the year. After the ripe grapes have been gathered, the weeds are cleared in March and April—the beginning of the South African autumn. A start is made in May and June with the manuring of the soil and the pruning of the vines. In July the soil is loosened and the manure ploughed in. In August there is the winter spraying to be attended to and from then on till the end of the year there is much to do controlling the insect and fungus pests, attacking the weeds by constant use of the cultivator, and generally preparing for the fresh vintage.

Willem Adriaan van der Stel, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope from 1699 to 1708 (the very years when the Huguenots were establishing themselves on the land) in his interesting *Agriculturists' Calendar*, says of the month of March “now is the season for gathering the Grapes and making Wine”; but Mr Malherbe has finished his pressing and stored all his wine by the end of February or the beginning of March. These are feverish weeks for all concerned on the farm, and from sunrise to sunset, under the hot February sun, the Coloured labourers, their wives and children are all busy picking the grapes for wine-making.

The oldest wine-making method known to man is still used on this farm: the grapes are trodden underfoot in the presses, though Mr Malherbe told me that he is contemplating installing electrically driven presses in the near future. Inside his cellar are 19 vats, each holding from six to eight leaguers. Five new oak vats have just been installed. They come from Nancy in France and each costs £40. Most of the smaller vats were made in South Africa of poplar wood.

The wine is stored in these vats until

such time as the wine merchants and the distillery are ready to receive it. Electric light is used in the cellar as in the home, the current coming nearly 50 miles from the Electricity Supply Commission's undertaking in Cape Town which, by supplying farmers with power at a cheap rate, is bringing great benefits to the rural areas.

But wine-making, as I have said, is only one of the activities of this busy farm. From before Christmas until well into the New Year the labourers are picking the luscious peaches, plums and pears for urgent packing and despatch to Cape Town where they are rushed into the refrigerated chambers of the fast mail ships or fruit freighters and so start their long journey to Europe.

You who live in England, when next you buy South African fruit, ask for the ‘Oak’ brand and you will be given fruit from the sun-drenched orchards of this corner of the Cape: Kelsey, Santa Rosa and Gaviota plums, Packham Triumph and Bon Cretien pears and Inkoos and Peregrine peaches. (It was an English farmer, incidentally, who in his orchard in the Fransch Hoek Valley some years ago made the right ‘cross’ and produced a new variety of peach—the Inkoos—which enabled the Cape to capture the most coveted fruit market in the world, Britain's Christmas and New Year trade, with amber, rose and ruby tinted peaches that mature three weeks before other varieties.)

As we drove up the higher slopes of the farm to where the Coloured labourers and their families live in little white cottages, I noticed tall lupins growing in between the peach trees: excellent leguminous material later to be turned into the soil, I gathered.

Six Coloured families live and work on this farm, each with a little cottage consisting of a couple of rooms and a kitchen and a little garden attached to it. All the men work as farm labourers while some of the women assist in domestic service



In the vineyards of La Dauphine: collecting the grapes for pressing. For 24 hours after picking they are kept in a cool place. The best wine is said to come from grapes grown on a hillside



Treading the grapes underfoot in the wine-press which stands outside the cellar at La Dauphine

and, during the season, with the fruit-packing. Altogether Mr Malherbe has about 30 Coloured men, women and children living and working on his farm.

The prevailing rate of wages paid to farm labourers in this district is 2s. 6d. a day in cash. In addition they each receive a tot of wine with their meals and at tea-time; those who do not drink wine are given tea or coffee. Each Coloured family is provided with a cottage rent free, free water, free firewood and a plot of ground in which to grow their own vegetables. They also keep poultry and a few pigs.

During the season the labourers and their families have plenty of fruit to eat. The Coloured children all go to school where education is free up to Standard VI. The women who do domestic ser-

vice on the farm each receive a monthly wage of about £1 and also their food free. During the pressing and packing season Coloured women receive 2s. a day for their help.

When the fruit season is at its height extra labour is required on most farms. It is then that the European school children from the village are frequently called upon to help with the picking and packing. Many university students give up their summer vacation to helping on the fruit farms and thus earn their keep as well as a good open-air holiday.

There is plenty to do for all the Coloured labour on La Dauphine, for Mr Malherbe also runs quite a big poultry-yard of Leghorns, a small herd of Jersey cows for his domestic requirements, a vegetable garden, horses for farm-work and a big flower



Mr Malherbe tapping one of the 19 vats in his cellar. Each contains over 800 gallons



In home-produced wine Mr and Mrs Malherbe drink the health of the author (right). On the table are a dry, light white wine and a sweet, heavy one called Jeripigo

garden in front of the homestead. The sale of eggs and butter brings in a small annual revenue.

He himself does all his own book-keeping; but despite the many farm matters that require his attention, he still finds time for public affairs. He is a member of the Fruit Exchange and comes into Cape Town regularly for board meetings. He is also a member of the Fransch Hoek School Board and an active supporter of the Dutch Reformed Church.

His wife takes a deep interest in the preservation of our wild flowers and has persuaded her husband to give her a little plot of veld, high up above the orchards, where she is planting and nurturing different varieties of Protea. She is a

member of the Kirstenbosch Botanical Society, guardians of South Africa's largest wild-flower reserve, and (nearer home) a member of the Women's Agricultural Association.

With a big home to run—there are twelve rooms in La Dauphine, big rooms with open rafted ceilings—three children to look after and her husband to assist in his many farming activities, Mrs Malherbe still finds time for a good bit of reading and other cultural pursuits. On the table of her entrance hall I saw a copy of Gunther's *Inside Europe* alongside a new book on *Afrikaans Kuns en Letterkunde* (Afrikaans Art and Literature). On the walls of her lounge hang two oil-paintings by Maggie Laubser, the South African



François Malherbe: though descended from Huguenots on both sides, his home language is Afrikaans

artist, also several etchings of La Dauphine by visiting artists.

Mr Malherbe told me that apart from his daily newspaper—an Afrikaans one—he has little time for reading, though he follows closely the market reports and current literature on farming topics. He frequently attends lectures by visiting agricultural experts.

Every night, when the table is cleared after the evening meal, just as in thousands of country homes all over South Africa, Mr Malherbe brings out the family Bible and reads to the family circle. Sundays are spent partly at church and partly at home, though often at week-ends the family goes visiting relatives and friends in the neighbouring districts in the big American car which Mr Malherbe runs. Sometimes on Saturday afternoon he goes in to Fransch Hoek to see a game of Rugby,

South Africa's national sport. Occasionally he and his wife go in to the cinema at Paarl, but generally they turn in early for right through the year the working hours observed on the farm are from sunrise to sunset. In summer this means rising at 5.30 A.M.

Once a year the Malherbes take a holiday. Generally it is to the beach at Hermanus, across two mountain passes not very far away, but frequently they travel up-country to see relatives in the Free State, Transvaal and Natal. Neither of them has travelled overseas, not to England nor to France; their roots are deep in South Africa, but they have met many distinguished people from other parts of the world who have come to visit their farm. Among these they cherish the memory of two Governors-General—Lord Buxton and Lord Clarendon.



H. M. Lidderdals

*The stoep of the 'Drostdy'—the residence of the
'Landdrost' or magistrate in the days of the Dutch
East India Company—at Tulbagh in Cape Province*



H. M. Lidderdale
In the orange-growing district below the lofty Cedar Berg, there are patches of arid country

An Architect in Tajikistan

by HANS ADLER

Regarded from the western standpoint, the most satisfactory achievements of the U.S.S.R. have taken place in its Asiatic provinces. One may be permitted to doubt whether peoples on the European side of the Soviet frontiers would benefit by inclusion within them. But in Asia the Soviet Government has succeeded in harnessing the forces of awakening nationalism to the chariot of administrative progress; in lighting the lamp of literacy where all was darkness before; and in creating material equipment which, if rightly used, will bring a real improvement in the local standard of living

WHILST we were engaged on work as foreign experts in Moscow, we (my wife and I) signed a contract with the Government Building Trust of the Tajik Republic, by which we undertook the planning of the new Socialist towns in that country.

Tajikistan is the most youthful of the Soviet Republics. It comprises the former districts of Eastern Bokhara and the Pamir plateau. Its surface area is approximately 54,000 square miles—somewhat smaller than England and Wales—but it has only 1½ million inhabitants, and only 79 per cent of these are Tajiks. The Tajiks, the 'Basques of Asia', are an Iranian tribe,

who are perhaps the remnants of the ancient Sogdians, described by Arrian and Herodotus, and who are very closely related to the Persians, Afghans and Kurds. The Tajik plainmen, unless they have been affected by Turkish influences, speak modern Persian, and it is only the mountain Tajiks, living in the high, almost inaccessible valleys, who have retained their own original dialects, which have as yet scarcely been investigated. Eighteen per cent of the population of Tajikistan are Uzbeks, a Turko-Mongolian tribe, and the remainder Kirghiz, Russians, Turkomans, Afghans and Bokharan Jews. The Tajiks profess the religion of Islam or its



Stanford, London.



Hans Adler

The Tajiks are an Iranian tribe closely related to the Persians; their ancient communities settled where water from the great snow ranges encouraged the growth of agricultural civilization



Hans Adler

Honourable status among the Tajiks is marked by a turban: lesser persons wear round caps

sects, but have, nevertheless, retained a good deal from pre-Moslem times.

The railway journey from Moscow to Tashkent takes four days and four nights, and from Tashkent to Stalinabad half as long again. The fertile oasis country in which Tashkent lies is like one continuous garden, with its green rows of poplars, blossom-covered fruit trees, and clean, carefully watered fields and meadows, enclosed by low, crumbling clay walls. A cloudless sky stretched its transparent blue vault above this fortunate tract of country, which in its composition called the miniatures of Persian painters to mind. To the south the horizon was cut off by the Hissar Mountains, with their high ranges covered by eternal snow. The railway line avoided this tremendous mountain *massif* by taking a big curve round it. Beyond the station of Jisak, however, the line came close to the rocky foothills, and forced its way along a precipitous cleft, through which Tamerlane's hordes had passed on their way to Europe. A tablet cut in the rock and covered with Arabic inscriptions, testifies that this mountain wall opened of its own accord in reverence, as Jemal-ed-Din, one of Tamerlane's generals, approached with his troops. For twelve hours after this the all-powerful steppe dominates the scene. Plaited fences, which are supposed to protect the line against sand-storms, are for long stretches the only accompaniment to the rails.

The railway station at Samarkand, the next oasis, is about as sober in style as the station at Jerusalem, and travellers must take the bus into the town if they want to see the world-famous tombs of the Timurids and the mosques, shimmering in glowing colours. New Bokhara is a plain railway junction, and old Bokhara with its fabled bazaar lies several kilometres to one side of the line. These great cities we at least knew something about. Samarkand, we remembered, was the old Maracanda, where Alexander the Great was stabbed during a

banquet given by Cleito, his friend and the saviour of his life; and in Bokhara, until the great Revolution, an Emir ruled, who was a vassal of the Tsar, but was not obliged to place any of his subjects at the Tsar's disposal for military service. But what does anyone know about Karshi and Kerki? We had not even heard the names of these little hamlets, which sprang suddenly into view out of the 'hunger steppe', and disappeared again like tiny islands in a vast ocean.

The stops made pleasant and lively breaks in the monotony of the journey, the passengers, thirsty for tea, running with their rattling kettles to the constantly boiling urns, and making a great to-do about getting something to eat—a bit of camel's



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The Uzbeks form the second main group in Tajikistan. An Uzbek is here seen performing the national dance, balancing two cups of green tea

liver or sheep's milk cheese from the traders who put up their stands outside the stations. Near Kerki we reached the Amu Darya (Oxus), and followed it more or less closely as far as Termez. On the far side of the broad, sluggish stream the Afghan bank could just be seen. In the Tsar's day the railway only went as far as Termez, which is one of the twenty towns founded by Alexander the Great in Trans-Oxania, and which retains not much more than the name in memory of the fact. In Tsarist times the world was barricaded off, and any officer posted to this frontier garrison certainly had something to his credit. It was not until after the civil war, which raged long and terribly in Central Asia, that an extension of the railway to Stalinabad was begun, in order to link the capital city of Tajikistan with Moscow.

When we woke on the morning of the last day of our journey, the landscape had completely changed. The train was running through a pretty river valley, shut in by mountains on three sides. The mountains were bare, dotted only with a few bushes, but along the river banks the most luxuriant growth flourished. Tall, old apricot trees, and round, dark green, thick-leaved Karagatch trees edged the brooks which, fed by the melting glaciers and snowfields, raced to join the main stream. The villages hid under broad-crowned maples, and not only were the meadows sprinkled with masses of wild red tulips, they flamed even on the thick clay of the flat roofs. Tajiks and Uzbeks wore the flowers stuck behind their ears, and the children of Russian colonists brought them freshly gathered, in bunches tied to sticks, to the tiny stations at which we often had to wait for a long time until the train came from the opposite direction, as it was a single-track line.

We sighted Stalinabad from afar. On the steep, deeply indented bank of a river which deposits of pebbles had split into numerous arms, the city rose before

us, with brownish houses clinging like swallows' nests to the incline, and white, European-looking buildings spreading out onto the broad plain. The first impression was of great promise and beguiling charm.

Stalinabad, before it was decided to build the capital city of the autonomous Soviet Republic there, was a village like hundreds of others. It was called Dushambe, which means 'Monday', because the market was held there on that day. At what might be described as American speed, this little hamlet was transformed into a modern city. On May 1, 1929, the first train steamed into Stalinabad, and since then the stream of new arrivals has never ceased. Every day people arrived from all parts of the Soviet Union. They were not only men drawn here by enthusiasm for fighting at an exposed point for the Socialist ideal. Many were enticed by the surplus of food which was still being enjoyed here at a time when there was scarcity in many districts of the Union; or by the high salaries which specialists were paid here, 'at the front'. Curiosity and lust for adventure must have attracted not a few, and during the NEP time—the time of the New Economic Policy—when the door was once more opened to free trading, innumerable speculators streamed out here, all hoping to make money by buying up karakul skins, silk and carpets.

Of course many who did not find what they had expected left again. Before starting back, they auctioned their belongings in the bazaar—rickety bedsteads, diseased oil-stoves, and worn-out clothes, which perhaps came from relatives who had been snatched away by typhus or malaria. Out of these relics the new arrivals picked the necessities of life. This constant change in men and goods gave the whole town an air of impermanence. The most comfortably, though according to European standards still very primitively housed were the members of the Government and the heads of the Party.

The year is 1925, and the scene the untidy village of Dushambe, just before the whirlwind of Soviet energy, released by the revolution, was let loose upon it



Plane

Five years later. Dushambe has become Stalinabad, capital of the youngest Soviet republic, linked by rail with the outer world. In the earlier stages of building, when rebel irregulars were about, the workers were often under fire



Planet

A reinforced concrete building in Stalinabad—the People's Commissariat of Agriculture. This style of architecture, corresponding to 'functional' requirements alone, is steadily giving place to more decorative treatment under the influence of growing prosperity





Hans Adler

(Above) Another mosque shows pillars made from trunks of maple, one of the few trees grown in an area where their roots must almost always be irrigated, for lack of rain



Hans Adler



Inside the house of an Uzbek collective worker. The niches in the walls hold the crockery and serve instead of cupboards. The room shows a strange mixture of tradition and modernity, for although there are no tables or chairs, there are a sewing machine, some newspaper pictures, a portrait of Lenin in a place of honour, and an electric globe, called after him an 'Ilyich-Lamp'

They lived in the 'Kremlin' of Stalinabad, a garden quarter surrounded by a big wall, in little white houses adorned with verandahs. Apart from these, there was every imaginable type of human habitation, down to the Kirghiz *yurts* (round tents), which were transported here by rail and lorry because their owners had found work as brickmakers, and to holes in the earth, only covered with a roof of boards, through which a stove-pipe reared its head.

In order to keep pace with the fantastic housing shortage, standardized wooden houses were brought out here from the factories of European Russia, but they proved completely unsuited to the climate. Their occupants suffocated in them during the seven hot and entirely rainless summer months. If there had been any remnants of timber left in the district, people would have rushed for it. Stone quarries had at that time, as far as we know, not been started. So loess (clay) remained the only available building material. Being found everywhere in the district as subsoil, it is extremely cheap; and being in addition, when dry, a very poor conductor of heat and cold, it may well be called the ideal material. For bungalows at least, it can be used unfired.

All that is necessary in using loess is to follow the example of the natives in their methods of building. They dig a trench and run water into it. The softened clay soon forms a kind of paste, which is kneaded with the feet. After straw has been mixed in, the work of making walls out of it is begun. They are finally shaped, beaten hard and smoothed with the *ketmen*, the flat chopper fastened to a long handle which is the universal tool of the Central Asian peasant. The seeds which get into the clay with the straw begin to sprout rapidly in the warm, damp air, and shoots soon force their way through the slowly hardening walls, making them more porous as well as firmer. The only opening left facing the

road is one for the narrow door, as the houses shut themselves off, without windows, from the surrounding world.

They open onto the two interior courtyards round which they are built—one reserved for the male, and the other for the female members of the family. In the middle of each courtyard there is a water basin which is kept constantly supplied with fresh water through branches of the *ariks*, the open canals running through every village. These quadrangles are shady and cool. They are favourite spots not only during the hot days, but also in the sultry nights, when the inhabitants place their beds, consisting of smooth, rectangular wooden frames on short legs with a net stretched across them, under the overhanging part of the roof, which is supported by columns and posts. In the winter, which can be quite cold and damp, they naturally sleep inside the houses, on stuffed quilts, which are piled up in a corner of the room during the day. Tables and chairs are not needed by these people, and cupboards also are unknown.

In the process of building the house, which can almost be described as full-scale modelling, niches are left in the walls, which later serve for holding all sorts of belongings, and which, when the householder is wealthy, are framed in carved alabaster. This is the place for cups, cans, dishes and household supplies. Any valuables in the way of clothes and linen, on the other hand, are kept in wooden chests, which are covered with embossed leather and richly ornamented with metal-work. Carpets cover the plaster floor—Kirghiz rugs, worked in bright colours on a brownish-white ground, or striped rugs woven in narrow strips. A canopy of printed cotton hangs under the ceiling, which serves both to catch raindrops seeping through the roof (imperfectly protected by a thick thatch of brushwood or reeds with a packing of clay) and also to catch the scorpions and lizards that like nesting in the roof.



Planet News

During the harvest festival, held each year by the collective workers, the Tajiks make merry with songs and dramatic dances. This comedian is poking fun at the old agricultural methods

A European may well make all sorts of objections to this kind of habitation, but it certainly cannot be dismissed as impossible and unworthy of a human being. A particularly comfortable European house was built for Nasratullah Maksum, the aged president of the Tajik Republic. After he had lived in it for a time, he complained to his doctor that the devil had got into his bones, while, as long as he lived in his clay hut, he had been spared all illness. Ought not this instance to make professional architects pause to think? Should it not make them first examine the problems of locally valid tradition and hygiene, instead of expending their energies in disputes over the right 'style', with that love of argument which is so characteristic of the Russians? At that time everyone

built according to his own convictions. One would stick to the principles of classical architecture, another designed cubes and prisms of glass and concrete, while the local patriots favoured the 'oriental' style. Stalinabad itself represented the lowest depths plumbed by these varying lines of thought. Built at random, it was not until the city numbered about 40,000 inhabitants that a town-planning scheme was prepared. The city thus had to be rearranged before it was more than a few years old; and, in spite of its youth, beautifying operations were carried out on it—very expensive operations such as normally only very wealthy and aged female Comrades can afford.

Shortly after we arrived in Stalinabad, we were commissioned to go on to Shar-

Tuz, a little place in the valley of the Kafir Nihan River, which flows into the Amu Darya. There too a new city was to come into being, and our Building Trust was to prepare the plan for it. As my wife was suffering from *papatasi* fever, to which almost all newcomers fall victim, I had to make the trip alone. Only one young Russian accompanied me. From Termez we went up the Amu Darya in a tiny ship, which could not do more than 6 kilometres an hour. Before we went on board, we had to present our credentials in the form of a written permit to enter this frontier zone, which only the GPU was qualified to issue, and we were searched for weapons and alcoholic drinks. In spite of its small size, the ship held an incredible number of passengers—young Russians, motor and tractor drivers per-

haps, in shabby leather coats, breeches and caps, on their way with their wives and children to the cotton districts, which are situated at the confluence of the Waksh and the Amu Darya; Uzbeks, most of them thick-set, inclining to fat in fact, with smoothly polished round skulls, darkish skins and dark slit-eyes—very different from the Tajiks, who are more inclined to be slender and tall, light-skinned and long-skulled, and who often have reddish fair hair and lighter eyes.

Russians as well as non-Russians accepted the complete absence of any timetable for the journey without the slightest impatience, even when the engine stopped and was only restarted after hours of effort. One lot believed just as firmly in their *Nichevo* as the other did in *Kismet*. The Russians have not been changed by



Planet News

The old Tajik, with his traditional coat and turban, bears much the same relation to the leather-clad Russian tractor driver as does the primitive wooden plough to the modern tractor



Hans Adler

On board a little motor-ship on the Amu Darya, which marks the boundary between Tajikistan and Afghanistan for over 600 miles. Russian and Asiatic passengers show equal indifference to delays



Planet News

Burdjuks, inflated goatskins, by means of which Alexander the Great crossed the river, are still used

Bolshevism in their fundamental attitude to life, nor have these Central Asiatics, even though many of them have turned their backs on Islam, and proudly pulled spelling-books out of their sashes to show me that they were learning to read. The Revolution had presented them with a new alphabet, composed, with slight variations, of Latin letters, so that the Arabic form of writing, which only the Mullahs used to know how to use, has become superfluous.

As it is difficult even in the daytime to steer a ship of such small draught over shoals, it halted during the night. The Amu Darya, still completely untamed, is constantly changing its course. New islands and pebble banks are always being piled up. We did not land anywhere, as the river banks are almost uninhabited. On the Russian side, a few frontier guards live in little forts placed on hills high above the marshy, reed-covered flats. The forests of reeds at their foot are undisturbed bird-paradises, and even the Asiatic tiger is still not extinct in these jungles. The Afghan bank is, if possible, even lonelier. The only human beings whom we saw on that side were a soldier who, startled by the noise of the engine, sprang bare-footed and armed with a musket out of a kind of tower, and his *aide-de-camp*, who followed at his heels and looked even wilder.

Only once a human settlement came into view. Grey shapes like stumps of pyramids appeared over the tree-tops, resembling, with their clay-smeared thatch, exotic birds' nests. Even higher than the dwellings towered the 'larders', standing long-legged on posts. But neither on the flat roofs, nor among the houses were inhabitants to be seen. Perhaps they were working in the fields, which must have been there somewhere in the broad river plain; perhaps they were peeping out stealthily from behind the parapets of the roofs; or perhaps they were peering through the windows, which were like

loop-holes, at the ship disturbing their thousand-year-old peace. The black-and-white cows, which must have belonged to the settlement, and had been grazing under the trees, ran away, terrified, with tails in the air.

The Amu Darya still presents an untouched picture of a river in its natural state. Were Caesar to see the Rhine today, he would never recognize his Rhenus Fluvius in the modern gutter, hemmed in with dams and barriers; but Alexander the Great, or Iskander, under which name he continues to survive in the memory of the Central Asiatics, would find the Oxus exactly as it was at the time when he had to cross it on his way to India. Indeed, the selfsame means which served him in overcoming this obstacle are used today. Inflated goatskins (*burduks*), on which one lies face-down, propelling oneself with one's hands, or floats of the same material tied together into a square and stiffened with timber, to which a horse is harnessed—these expedients have up to the present day made it unnecessary to build bridges over the river.

On the morning of the third day we tied up at Aiwai, and a lorry conveyed me to Shar-Tuz, which was to be made into a headquarters for the local cotton-growing industry. Agricultural machinery and tractor stations were situated outside the village, but nothing much had yet changed in the *kishlak* itself. The big square in the centre was its chief component, and the low houses which were scattered around it formed only a patchy kind of framework. The whole life of the town was concentrated in the market place. In the early hours of the morning peasants came riding in on horses and mules from all directions, often leading asses, loaded so high with big bundles of clover that their dainty, agile legs hardly showed under the sweet-smelling burden. Mats made of plaited reeds, which are used as floor-coverings or for placing on draughty walls, hung in rolls on the peaks of the brightly painted



Planet News

(Above) The Club Room of workers on a cotton farm. The party slogans on the walls are written in Latin script, which since the Revolution has replaced the Arabic script in Tajikistan. (Below) In 1927 there were no schoolgirls: in 1929 there were 1500: and today every girl must attend

Planet News





Planet News

Tajik girls at the celebration of the 15th anniversary of the October Revolution. Besides the red kerchief of 'proletarian' womanhood, they wear the red neckcloth denoting membership of the Communist Youth Movement

Enslavement to dying tradition marks the dress of older Tajik women. Their faces are covered by a veil of black horsehair, a web so closely woven that it interferes with their vision and makes them walk unsteadily



Planet News



Hans Adler

Painted wooden cradles on sale in a bazaar. They are hung from the ceiling by a cord or tied to a saddle for journeys, and the infants, tied hand and foot, spend their first year of life in them

wooden saddles; or fowls, tied together head downwards, jerked about round the horses' legs. Anyone who had nothing better to sell brought a basket of eggs. Saffron-coloured sheep with fat, wobbling rumps were herded together, and sacks full of green *nas-vaj* were opened.

This finely ground tobacco powder is sold by weight, and the weights consist of stones. When anyone wants to take some of it, he shakes a pinch onto his palm out of a container made from a gourd covered with finely spun linen and closed with a tuft of horse-hair, which every Central Asiatic carries in his sash. The powder is placed under the tongue and kept there mixed with saliva. Other sacks contain herbs or powders, with which the Tajik women dye their homespun wool. This they knit into long stockings, often displaying a swastika pattern from heel to knee.

Cradles, too, carved out of soft wood and gaudily painted, were offered for sale. A circular hole in the bottom is intended to take an earthenware bowl. For a whole year infants lie on their backs in these cradles, tied hand and foot. They are only taken out when their clothes have to be changed or the bowl emptied. Even when the mother gives her child the breast, she bends over it. If the family goes on a journey, the cradle with the child is bound to whatever animal is being ridden. At home it hangs from a beam in the ceiling.

All round Shar-Tuz people were busy getting ready the cotton fields for sowing. Camel caravans were bringing up sacks tightly stuffed with seed, canals were being cleaned and new ones dug. Many peasants were still working with the wooden ox-drawn plough that has been

in use since the earliest times. Tractors were only being used on the fields belonging to the collective enterprises in which, since the end of the Civil War, a great part of the land-hungry Tajik peasant proletariat has been brought together. In former times every peasant only did as much work as he had a mind to; for he was often so indebted, as a result of inhuman exactions, to the local Beg or petty landowner that he had to surrender to him as much as three-quarters of his harvest. Now, however, the work in these communities is distributed with great exactitude; and the proceeds are divided accordingly. The members of the collectives get their requirements of tea, sugar, manufactured goods, boots and tobacco in the co-operative shops, that are attached to each collective, considerably cheaper than in the 'free market'. When the harvest is gathered they are given the greater part of their pay in kind, for these people still prefer to receive goods rather than money for their work.

Socialism and mechanization have followed in Tajikistan immediately upon the most primitive form of agriculture and are gradually abolishing all traces of individual husbandry. Even modern cotton cultivation, however, cannot dispense with the masterly skill of the Tajik peasant, acquired by centuries of experience, in using gradients for irrigation, or his tough endurance in weeding and wielding the spade. All other procedure is mechanized. Sowing is effected with mechanical drills, the great plains are harvested with cotton-picking machines, often of American origin. The battle against pests is conducted by low-flying aeroplanes, which blow poison gas over cotton shrubs that are threatened by insects.

Two water conservation projects are making it possible to bring into cultivation wide areas hitherto untilled. The larger of these water installations is situated just above the place where the Waksh enters the plain, a river that emerges out of the

foothills of the Pamir, from a height of 11,000 feet above sea-level. This 'Waksh-stroy' is to water 300,000 acres of ground. Two-thirds of the total area are reserved for the cultivation of Egyptian cotton, and provision is also made for state farms for vegetables and rice. But this installation does not only serve for the irrigation of the land: it possesses also a power station of 42,000 h.p. The current is used for forcing-houses, cotton-cleaning plant and oil presses and for lighting the districts bordering on Afghanistan.

The second water installation is the 'Warsob-stroy', situated 10 miles north of Stalinabad. The waters of the Warsob, a



Planet News

At work on one of the two new water installations created by Soviet zeal in Tajikistan; they have given fertility to many thousand barren acres, and electric power to a whole region



Planet News

Grandpa hears his own folk-songs on the gramophone. Two young Tajiks of the Red Army, one of the factors responsible for social change in Tajikistan, have brought the records from Moscow

tributary of the Kafir Nihan, have been impounded by a dam 590 feet high. The power is being employed chiefly in the production of electricity.

A further aid to the increase of cotton cultivation is the Cotton Research Institute 'Nikhi' at Tashkent. It collects the results of experiments in cross-breeding, irrigation, and the use of fertilizers and exchanges these constantly with branch offices scattered about the whole country. Agricultural, biological and hydro-technical experts are always journeying about the cotton districts. Though these were originally nearly all Russians, more and more young Tajik men and women may now be seen among them. But it is not only in this respect that the local people are taking their due place as valued colleagues on a basis of equality. They edit

their own newspapers, write and illustrate their own books, make their own films and arrange the programmes of their own theatres and radio stations.

A very important part has been played in this development by the training that the young Tajiks receive in the Red Army. Many of the lads go to their garrisons completely illiterate. The instruction given to them by way of education is as thorough as their military training. When their period of service is over, and they return to their villages, they proudly pass on to their families the knowledge they have gained and their acquaintance with the achievements of modern times to which they have had access. Thus they contribute materially to the steadily growing enlightenment of the people of Tajikistan.

Places and Products

IX. Yarmouth Herrings

by JOAN WOOLLCOMBE

There are many 'products whose use has decided the destinies of Empires'; insofar as our own Empire, and our ability to defend the liberties for which it stands, depends on naval strength, we cannot afford to ignore the decisive influence which the use or disuse of the herring may have on its destiny. For the Herring Fleets of our northern and eastern coasts, with 900 years of maritime history behind them, are an irreplaceable breeding-ground of seamen

THE history of the herring fishermen of East Anglia is no dead school-book stuff. Just as wreck timbers are built into the sheds and shacks and cottages, so do their Scandinavian affiliations survive in the names of places and people. The occupation and pre-occupation with things of the sea makes these men—as it were—a little maritime community keeping themselves to themselves on the fringes of the agricultural East of Britain.

This continuity of living and working methods has preserved for us a people who have maintained their chief characteristics for many centuries against a background of land- and sea-scape that has remained almost entirely unchanged. For nearly 900 years of recorded history a herring fleet has, year by year, reaped the harvest of the 'silver fish' from the North, down the North-East, to the East coasts of Britain; these coasts spring to life each year as the successive herring shoals appear, unvarying and in clockwise order, from Stornoway in the Hebrides in May to the grand finale of 'the Fishing' in October at Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft.

Stornoway and Lerwick in May; Wick, Fraserburgh and Peterhead in June; Eye-mouth and Berwick in July; North Shields, Scarborough and Grimsby in August—culminating in the 'Great Herring Fair' of Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft from October to December. From Martinmas to Michaelmas is the season of the Scots and English herring drifters (stocky little boats with crews of ten men each) and the ports they pass spring to life as the

fishing reaches them and as all the camp followers of the industry (salesmen, Scots girls for the gutting, curers, coopers, victuallers and transport workers) arrive to handle the catch.

The East Anglian fishing is the high spot of the year for the herring men and for those living within a radius of the town once called, and still locally pronounced 'Giermud'. So soaked in history is this town of Great Yarmouth that it is exceedingly difficult to disentangle past from present in writing of the place.

'The herring', Lacépède once wrote, rather pompously, 'is one of those products whose use has decided the destinies of Empires. . . .' And a glance at the maritime history of at least two great Empires shows this to be true: for the British and the Dutch owe a great part of their naval successes to the personnel and the wealth of the herring industry.

The immediate background of their herring fishing is the same for both countries; grey sea, dun marshland and scoured sand-dunes fringed with marram. At sea, treacherous sands and buffeting winds—and, against this unchanging backcloth to history in East Anglia, the Saxon, the Dane and the Norman were finally welded into the tough East Anglian seaman. Over a period of nineteen hundred years and more from the Roman Occupation the coastline has slowly changed; silting sand and marsh making unbroken seaboard where once was estuary studded with islands; the settlement of Giermud develops into the seaport of Yarmouth



and the Roman Camp in East Flegg is reborn, in the reign of George V, as a famous 'holiday camp' at Caister!

Meanwhile, industrious as beavers, across the North Sea the Dutch were (biblically!) finding their toll money in the mouth of their silver fish, throwing off the yoke of Spain and wielding a sea power that adjusted the balance of European politics of the day. A journalist of the 13th century had already remarked that, thanks to the gold earned by the silver fish, the Dutchmen went in purple and scarlet. . . .

In England the shrewder among those in power increasingly realized the asset that the growing community of herring fishers was becoming, both in war and peace; both for its trade and for its men. Talking not long ago to several of the fishermen and certain of the 'skippers' in the village that has been the background of my own life in East Anglia, I wondered if these men realized that very probably their 15th-, 16th-, 17th- and 18th-century forbears were complaining of the same things in a slightly different, and probably equally embellished, way. However prosperous it may have been, one thing is certain—the herring fishery was often in need of the equivalent of the State assistance it now rightly demands. In the time of Edward VI we can discern clearly an 'Eat More Fish' movement and Charles I's time saw an effort to start a 'Buy British' drive. But Sir Walter Raleigh might have been giving evidence before the Herring Industry Board of today when he tried to stir his countrymen to catch up with the Dutchmen, not merely to envy them their well-equipped 'busses'—the drifters of those days. And Tobias Gentlemen, a contemporary, suggested schemes for using the unemployed of those days on the construction of new and faster drifters in order to recapture our vanishing herring trade from our better organized rivals. During the centuries immediately preceding this we can read in the records of expedient



H. Jenkins

Yarmouth drifters putting out from harbour on an October evening. The boats, whose peculiar lines have been evolved to suit the temper of the North Sea, carry a crew of ten men

after expedient, most of them apparently uneconomic, to 'boost' the fishing by bounties and by embargoes; as well as the parallel stories of unemployment and of the efficiency of an increasing number of foreign rival fleets. And yet the fishermen and their families were prosperous and grew increasingly self-contained as a community, as the maritime history of our eastern seaboard was made by, and around, them.

They met, fought, and beat in turn Spaniard, Dutchman, Frenchman and German; but their lives and the lives of their villages were always, in a sense, active service with the sea itself as enemy. Yarmouth Roads—the safest anchorage between Thames and Humber, had many distinguished visitors: and the treacherous sands around innumerable victims. There was that night in the 17th century when

one hundred and forty ships were driven ashore; in the seventeen-hundreds one night took toll of thirty; in 1801 H.M.S. *Invincible* struck a shoal as she left The Roads and sank with her captain and 400 men; while six years later, in one of those terrible Februaries that only the North Sea can produce, 144 dead bodies were beached around Great Yarmouth. It is on this fare of battle, murder and sudden sea-death that the lusty East Anglians were reared.

Nelson, the greatest of all Norfolk seamen, landed at Great Yarmouth one grey stormy day in November of 1800 after the victory of the Nile; the next year, back he came with another victory to report, this time Copenhagen. The seamen of Yarmouth had some reason to feel they were also makers of history when, two years after the death of Nelson, Lord

Gambier sailed from The Roads and returned with 64 prizes and some 2000 naval guns. They did things well in those days, and after their 'Great War' they celebrated the Peace of 1814 by giving a feast for 8000 persons at tables spread the entire length of the quay.

The same quayside remains: it is easy (so little have the town and the fishing changed in essentials) to recapture what must have been the crescendo, each year, of work, play and barter at the Great Herring Fair at Great Yarmouth—that Free Fair of the Herring 'that maketh the town rich all the year following but most unsavoury at the time. . . .' Those who have seen Yarmouth during October in any one of the relatively prosperous years during the last quarter of a century have a dim inkling of the rough-and-

tumble excitement of those earlier times.

Today it is the family that is still the economic unit of the herring fishing village; it is the family that is feeling the stress of bad times and insecurity; the family that still breeds the brave individualist embedded in his self-contained community.

The present of the fishing villages of East Anglia is as interesting as, and even more critical than, their past: and well worth exploring in the light of the three main points presented for public opinion at the moment. There is, first, the struggle of the herring industry to survive at all under present national and international economic conditions; then there is the value of the men of the industry to the nation in peace and in war as paramount experts in the profession of seaman-



H. Jenkins

The fishing fleet goes to work in all but the roughest weather; a steady breeze makes the herring run well, but a strong, changeable wind may entangle the nets and cause disaster



H. Jenkins

The delicate nets are uninsurable except in the case of total loss of the vessel. To shoot $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of them (a boat's complement) is a quick job: hauling them in takes several hours

ship; and finally, the vital importance of the herring as food for a nation beleaguered and as a permanent nutritive supply for a nation of which far too large a proportion appears to be underfed.

The existing situation has brought us to the question, 'Is the herring industry, as at present constituted, really doomed?' But to understand why, after centuries of struggle, things should have come to this, it is necessary first to understand something of the extraordinarily complicated business that goes on against this historic and geographical background.

The catching of the herring is achieved by a technique and with a gear that are a mixture of inherited tradition, flair and superimposed knowledge—which latter the Board of Trade rightly insists that

the men with skippers' and with mates' tickets shall acquire.

The treatment of the fish when it is landed is based on century-old custom slightly modified by modern possibilities. The distribution, both wholesaling and retailing, is complicated to a degree. The final results, in hard cash, to all concerned are arrived at in what seems to the layman an extremely involved manner and the actual payment to the fishermen is based on a scheme evolved through centuries.

The point, however, that emerges from the exploration of the methods of catching herring is this—and cannot be better put than the fisherman's wife put it to the writer, in a moment of bitterness, a few weeks ago: "Fishing i'n't *factory* work. You can't just hire our men and fire 'em.



Port & General

Sport & General



Throughout the autumn the drifters return to harbour all day long, sometimes with a single large haul. Tied up alongside the quay, they at once unload their holds—

—and the fish are then transferred to sale baskets. They are auctioned from samples in the sale-rings and as a rule each boat's catch is offered separately

You can't get back your fishing fleet when you want it by beckoning. . . . *It takes generations to make a herring man.*"

And it is the skipper who best explains how the fish are caught: "Well—the herring come to different 'grounds' every year at certain times. Yarmouth first fortnight in October, and the best time is when the moon is full and the tides are strongest. . . ." (I cannot adequately reproduce the East Anglian speech which, to the foreigner, is often really unintelligible.) "We know when to go out and where, mostly from experience that has been handed down from father to son. We watch for signs, too: seagulls and whales, for instance, and for the water to turn milky. Then, when we do go out from Yarmouth, we go perhaps to Long Shoal, about 35 miles N.E., and we steam out, all of us, and 'shoot' our nets—as we call it—in rotation. If the wind is west we shoot east and we Yarmouth men always shoot an odd number of nets—say 81 or 91. What happens is this. The drifter" (that 100-odd tons of boat, with its comic sail set aft and its squat stocky lines) "steams very slowly ahead while two men shoot the nets over the side letting the warp run out, and the mate attaches the nets to it by a smaller rope. The job takes about half an hour and, if you've never seen a herring net, imagine a lot of curtains hung about nine foot below the surface, kept hung by floating pallets—things like footballs. The nets hang down about 42 feet, they're very delicate; we call them lints and each one stretches about 30 yards, so my 91 take up a lot of room. We drift with the tide and the herring come across this barrier of nets and get caught by the gills. We generally haul in the first net at the turn of the tide to see if the herring have swum across: then, when I think it's time, I give the order to haul in; the steam capstan hauls in the warp and the boy coils it away. This hauling takes from four hours onwards and it isn't very pleasant when its

blowing a gale and the sea is breaking over your vessel. Sometimes we get most of our work for nothing—or a few shillings worth; sometimes the catch is so heavy that some of the nets carry away. . . ."

The nets, delicate fabric, are not insurable, except in the case of total loss of the vessel; and these, with the gear and the drifters themselves, are the 'real estate' of the fisherfolk. A successful skipper will have hire-purchased his boat: a family will go shares in the ownership of a drifter. Daughters and wives will work in the 'beating sheds' where the nets are mended. Brothers and sons will go to sea, starting as cooks directly they leave school, working their way through the various grades—aiming (in the old prosperous days) at final ownership.

If the catch after one haul is large enough the drifter steams back to harbour. Here, tied up alongside the quay, the drifters unload their holds—basket after basket of silver fish swung ashore and lorried off. It is treated many ways. Export catch is at once gutted and pickled in brine in barrels, with incredible speed and slickness by the famous Scots girls, whose invasion of the port makes it a place of Gaelic, bright colours and oilskin skirts and boots, racy but largely unintelligible badinage, and transforms the open space alongside the harbour into the modernized edition of the flare-lit, noisy and confused scene that was the 'Great Free Fair of the Herring' of the past. Other processes, kippering, bloatering, and the curing for various foreign needs, go on in the sheds and yards. There is a tremendous pride in traditional methods (such as the slow smoking of the kipper over oak chips) and in the prestige of the names of the old-established firms—Woodger's Bloaters, for instance.

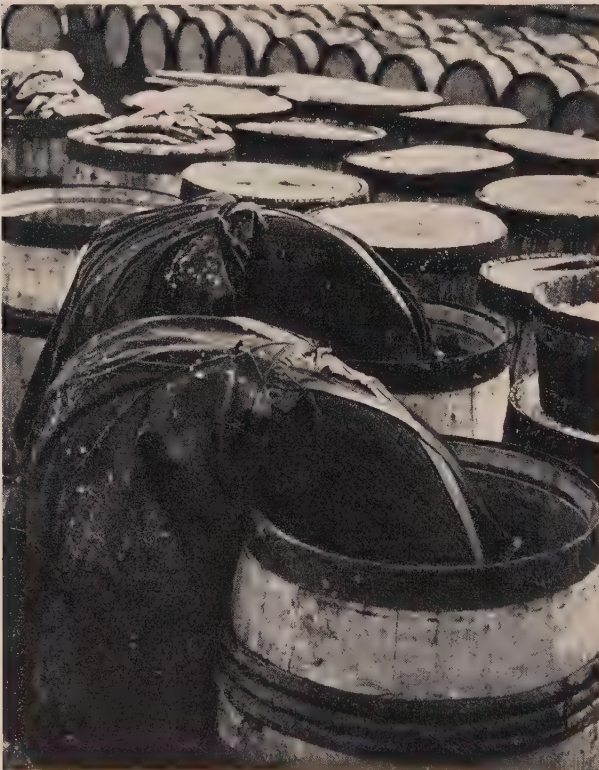
Meanwhile the financial outcome of all his work is increasingly important to the herring man: and here again the process by which he arrives at this is complicated to the outsider. For the purpose of assess-



Oscar Marcus

H. Jenkins

After sale, the herrings intended for curing are piled on tables and gutted with incredible deftness by the Scots lassies, who use a short knife for the purpose



Laying the bottom layer of gutted fish thoroughly sprinkled with salt. As the barrels should conform to given weights, precise judgment is required in packing

From May to December the Scots girls follow the fleets down the East Coast. Handling fish is their life's work, and skill and knowledge are the legacy of—



Oscar Marcus

Oscar Marcus



—each generation. Last year Yarmouth employed some 1500 girls; in a good season the wages are about thirty shillings a week



H. Jenkins

After the barrel has been closed at the top, it is filled with brine through the bung. Fish are cured thus for the export trade, still the mainstay of the herring fisheries, though greatly diminished

ing rewards, the boat's business is divided into 16 shares—the share-out taking place from the net balance after all the expenses of the trip are set against the proceeds of the sale of the fish. Of the 16 shares the owner of the boat takes nine, the skipper probably gets one and three quarters, down to the last-joined lad, who may get half a share. But during his absence at sea the fisherman's dependents have been receiving a fixed allowance and this is therefore deducted from his share.

Before 1936, owing to this method of payment by share-out, the herring man received neither Unemployment pay nor Workman's Compensation; but this has been remedied by the Herring Board's recommendation that his share be treated as bonus and his allowances as wages. This, however, does not touch the skipper-

owner, who is his own employer and who must live on his savings until they are exhausted, or carry on (as many have) with the help of credit from the old-style boat owners—drifter-owning firms who hire-purchase or own boats.

This fishing always has been, and still is, an up-and-down business; and, in times approaching what the herring fleet has known as 'normality', the simile of the 'swings and the roundabouts' operates correctly from year to year. But, since the war, times have not been normal: their abnormality is reflected in the astonishing statistics that have provoked official intervention since 1936 in the form of a Herring Industry Board.

This article cannot, for reasons of space, be a reasoned survey of these grim statistics. But, briefly, the position is

this: the export trade in 1913 accounted for 80 per cent of a catch of nearly twelve million hundredweight; in the 20-year span from 1913 to 1933 the export trade had contracted by 55 per cent and the home consumption by 45 per cent. Markets were halved and costs were up; but the number of men who had to get a living from the trade had not fallen by anything like that amount.

Then began the determined drive by our best customers abroad for self-sufficiency—Russia, the Baltic States, Germany and Scandinavia all raced ahead with new, more easily and cheaply run fleets of their own; at this very moment comes confirmation of the fact that Poland is developing, also, a fleet of her own. This will consist of diesel-engined boats

costing about £14 a week to run, as against the £40 or so needed to run a steam drifter, of which the majority of the thousand boats of the English and Scots fleets is composed.

‘Something must be done’—the ten to fifteen thousand seamen of the fleet, and the thousands of workers engaged in shore work agreed on this; but they disagreed violently as to what, exactly, was to be done and by whom. The inevitable official enquiry took place, with a lucid official report, and—over the last three years—a Herring Industry Board has been battling, more or less with success, through external difficulties and difficulties of non-co-operation from the industry itself.

The essential individualism of the



H. Jenkins

Since the war the herring industry has known disastrous times, and the fisheries are now fighting a desperate battle; but one would hardly guess it from the brave appearance of Yarmouth quay

'hunter', the turbulent history of the men, the complications of the trade, all these militated against efforts to organize and control the business in which tradition, wind, weather, and pure chance have so much to say. And the issue is still in the balance.

A certain amount of success has attended efforts to sell more fish to Britain; all the paraphernalia of modern salesmanship are being invoked, also with some success; we *are* getting herring- and bloater-conscious; but the time-lag between the success of modern methods and the ever-encroaching tide of bankruptcies and failures looks like the doom of scores of these sturdy, independent seamen and their families.

The old-fashioned 'boat owners'—the backbone of the old-style economics of the industry—have held out nobly; but, again in the words of a woman in an East Anglian village: "Do they want us all to go broke so that someone can buy us cheap and start again?" The 'they' in the equation may be officialdom, or she may have meant big business, big combines. But whatever the meaning of the unhappy sentence, there is that bewilderment, distrust and anger among the clans who, so praised for their mine-sweeping heroisms in the war, so necessary for navy and merchant marine and national food supply at all times, feel themselves helpless and hopeless. It is difficult to preach statistics to bitter, disillusioned folk; especially if they live segregated to a large extent from the communities around them.

Intermarriage has made these people nearly all cousins. Patronymics are few and nicknames are therefore necessary. One sturdy old lady, daughter of a fisherman nicknamed 'Whelks', gave her own quiverful of sons nicknames that showed imagination and spirit: 'Holy', 'Stock', 'Duckie', and then, unfortunately, 'Hard Times' and 'Tosh'.

You will meet and remember 'Bob the

Devil', 'Gentleman Jack', 'Dardler' and 'Skuddy'; and, if you are so minded, you will visit the church of the village of Winterton, in Norfolk, and find therein the unique example of a Fisherman's Memorial Chapel where hangs the Duke of Windsor's gift of the Merchant Service flag—the 'red duster'—and where also can be seen the tablet (with space left for future names) listing those men lost at sea since the Great War, drowned in the execution of their duty with the Merchant or the Fishing Fleets.

Once step from our ultra-modernity into the lives of these tough and likeable folk, once make them your friends (and feel proud if, after some twenty-five years, they admit you to their friendship) and they prove the sturdiest friends in the world. A little persistence will uncover the romance of their turbulent village history and explain some of the reasons why the fishermen persist as individuals, as 'non-co-operators' rather than amenable wage-slaves.

The sea, eternally threshing the sandhills, is their constant preoccupation; and, to the East Anglian coast-dweller, two vivid memories of that land- and seascape remain. The first, of the war years, when a little fleet of boats nosed their way through the grey North Sea, sweeping for mines, and of the dull, thudding roar which indicated that one of them had 'gone up' at the touch of those devil's fish. The other, quite lately, of waking one morning to find the accustomed view, a sweep of marsh and sandhills, unthinkably changed to one wide sheet of water, after the sea had broken through the wall at Horsey.

This had one result that typifies the East Anglian plight: our unemployed experts—skippers, mates and seamen—can get jobs as navvies, grimly wielding spade and pick within sight of the sea where once they sailed.